THE COMMONWEAL

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AT THE AUTO SHOW

WE ARE not in a position to understand how the Romans felt after Raphael had given new immortality to their city. We may notice only the influence of successive skyscrapers upon the dispersion of sunlight. If we do get radiant architecture or painting, the environment crushes in upon it until the poor whisper of beauty is drowned in the prevailing roar. The one really important aesthetic appeal of the age is made, it seems to us, by the annual automobile shows. Of course these sedans and roadsters first suggest the force of their engines, geared to whirl you down roads at a pace which makes the seven-league-boot person of yore seem a tortoise. The entire mechanism of the automobile has been refashioned during a few years. Marvelous things have been done with pistons, so that the tiniest fraction of an inch in the diameter of trim steel rods expresses itself in momentous power. One is invited to behold, this year, a supercharger which makes possible the speed of an airplane. The rarest and most artificial of metals congregate in this engine. It is a summary of the technical ingenuity of man.

But this is not merely a cavernous beauty, suggestive of the extraordinary concordances of animal anatomy. The trim car, always individual from bumper to stop-light, achieves that structural perfection which is, after all, the secret of building. No problem of structure is more difficult, for instance, than the treatment of the upper space—the achievement of an ending against the sky which will bring what these stones have to say to a harmonious conclusion. How well the contemporary automobile triumphs over this difficulty may be seen from a comparison between the low-hung, eminently graceful bodies of the present with the top-heavy conveyances of a few years ago. Perhaps the change has been dictated less by a desire for loveliness than by the demand for swiftness of motion. But there the thing is, as unmistakable as the proportions of Georgian colonial or an Hellenic column.

Why, then, does the ensemble fail to impress itself upon us as an art creation in the same way as a great picture or church does? "Technique" offers no satisfactory explanation. The skill of Leonardo involves

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just as much exhaustive knowledge of materials and laws as does the composition of a Renault. Do we not still marvel at the knowledge of engineering possessed by the pyramid builders? The fact that an engine is concealed in this neat automotive house is likewise hardly decisive. After all, who would fail to admire Carcassone if it were suddenly equipped with all the mechanical devices which are known to modern war?

Well, possibly the automobile has little to say. It is not an "art for art's sake," but an art for the sake of something in which we can never be deeply interested. The haste, the luxury, the practical necessities of the modern era are phrased in the outlines of every good sedan. This summarizes all the pressure from without which the life of today exercises upon us. It is partly a confession of the extent to which we have been victimized by things not ourselves. But when we listen in the shadows of Chartres, or go to look carefully at Memling's canvases, we cross the threshold of another realm, in which every movement is startling, arresting, grandly significant. There comes home to us the pounding of the spirit's pulse, beating out rhythms as tranquil as all eternity, and yet constantly as novel as birth itself.

It may be that the automobile, viewed simply as an aesthetic thing, is actually a résumé of our important modern heresies. Though it arouses us to incessant going, it brings us nowhere. By the mere fact that it does so much it may be keeping us from doing largely. At any rate we shall be wise not to forget that all the deepest hopes of our race, its reading of death and its interpretation of the universal veil, were born during moments when some man sat tense, his finger on his lips.

WEEK BY WEEK

BUNGLING almost the whole of the country's international program, Congress derives from its sessions thus far the triumphant total of nothing at all. The trouble lies, of course, with a public opinion worlds removed from clarity and firmness of purpose. One had supposed that discussion of the Kellogg pact would prove valuable, in view of the circumstance that the major facts of our foreign policy could be reviewed. Instead one got an oratorical foot-ball game between factions, while threats of filibustering forward passes were almost continuous. The sad conclusion must be drawn that the nation which originated the "outlawry of war" idea either does not know what this means or hardly cares what it means. Recent congressional records may be consulted with profit on the subject of how not to discuss international relations. Still more hectic is the excitement aroused by the cruiser bill. In England or France (one is impelled to say almost any civilized country) people can recognize political idealism and the necessities of national defense without tearing themselves asunder. Here one gets such things as the conference and dinner of protest recently held in Washington, where really eloquent nonsense was dispensed prodigally. Dr. George Spencer, secretary of the Massachusetts Bible Society, declared, for instance, that "the peace pact is a noble gesture and inspiring prophecy" whereas "fifteen cruisers would be an ignoble gesture and a disheartening prophecy." We believe that some better name can be found for the Kellogg pact than "noble gesture"; but what earthly sense is there in nicknaming cruisers a "prophecy," when the needs to which they answer are very much of the here and now? The sad effect of such talk is that it slips in between idea and achievement, blanketing all national expression in a smother of intellectual soft soap.

Statesmanship Goes Into Hiding

The House Turns Constitutional

POLITICIANS would always have the country believe that the constitution is a document so sacred that it remains dearer to them than life itself. Consequently the spectacle of Congress disregarding the constitution is curious, scandalous and dangerous. In failing to reapportion its membership to new census figures, the House of Representatives had no exigency as excuse for flouting a clear constitutional stipulation. The passage of the Fenn bill at length lifts the onus of continued legislative inactivity, but does not mitigate the fact that the 1920 figures were completely ignored. The country must now wait until the 1930 census for reapportionment and until the Seventy-third Congress before the readjustment finally goes into full effect. The limiting of House membership to its present size, if the proper cognizance of population shifts and increases is made every decade, is a procedure which naturally commends itself. The unwieldiness of the lower legislative body is already responsible for the snagging of numerous measures—at the rate the country is growing it promises to plunge into lethargic impotence. Although the question of reapportionment has aroused but desultory attention, yet it has too direct a bearing on the very structure of government to be entirely ignored. It is heartening to note that representatives of those states which, under the new arrangement, will be bound to lose congressional seats, were nevertheless found among the staunchest supporters of the bill.

Poincaré's Strategic Resignations

A BISMARCKIAN policy has marked the repeated moves of Premier Poincaré of France toward resignation. Yet the Frenchman, unlike the German Chancellor, is fairly certain that the country cannot well afford to get along without him. He is not agitated by any idea of protracting his personal power. But through all the shifting and interlacing party maneuvers, which make French poli-

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tical procedure so complex, runs a basic conviction that this is no time for France to change leaders. Nor do the members of the extreme Right and Left feel that anybody can successfully supplant Poincaré. In reconsidering his most recent decision to drop the reins of government, the Premier has at last decided on a bold course and has formed a cabinet without obstructive fears of a majority. If he cannot get the Chamber lined up behind his measures, he has wisely come to the conclusion that he can try other realignments as a semi-permanent head of government. This idea now percolates into the consciousness of the deputies and will do more to win them to friendliness toward the Poincaré program than any other method of pacification. Happily for France, the program is an excellent one and the country, which has made rapid strides toward financial stability and the satisfactory settlement of numerous vexing national and international problems, owes its near approach to prosperity to the Poincaré régime. Under the Premier, ably seconded by Briand, a natural complement, France has good reason to hope that the final formidable questions which were the unhappy and provocative legacy of the great war will soon be met, once and for all, and eliminated.

The King's Symbolic Illness

THE anxiety of Great Britain over the condition of the monarch is not centered solely in the country's love of George V. The king, as an individual, unquestionably enjoys a prime place in British hearts. Indeed he has, by his steadfast devotion to public duty, his dignified observance of constitutional limitations, his solicitude for his people and his exemplary family life, won a distinct place in the esteem of the world. But to England, lying exhausted from the travail of the world war, he has come to mean more than a figurehead. He symbolizes indeed the very agent of imperial cohesion. The king's illness has been recognized as a perfect index to the country's present state. The war danger has passed; but for ten years Great Britain has shown none of the progress back to economic health which has signalized the recovery of other and more ravaged nations. Her recuperative powers have remained dormant. She has tried government by her leading parties and by coalitions. The empire has kept alive but it has not passed out of the penumbra of death. The Home Secretary's announcement of unemployment figures this month shows them to be larger than at any time save that of the general strike. So far no Premier has been able to formulate and effect a rehabilitation program, and the country, now faced with a general election in June, is clamorous for a comprehensive plan on this whole subject to be submitted for consideration at the polls. Will the English leaders be able to meet the demand or to avoid a blind plunge into a crisis which may mean, in its final results, the dissolution of the empire?

Traveling through Mexico

MUCH light is thrown upon conditions in Mexico by an unusually informative article contributed to Stimmen der Zeit by J. Overmans, S.J., who entered the country and looked about. The record has more than a little of the simplicity and matter-of-fact honesty of the old Relations, and is particularly valuable for the light it throws upon the character of the military opposition to what was (and of course still is) the Calles régime. Our author does not hesitate to say that one notable weakness of this opposition is the "peculiarly Mexican lack of unity." "There are," he adds, "many leaders who accomplish much in a given sphere of activity for a while; but there is no one who could rally separate forces round a standard and dedicate them to the accomplishment of a central purpose." How true this remark is will be conceded by all who know how lamentably disparate are the views of Mexicans residing in this country. Father Overmans (for we assume that he is a priest) believes that persecution has strengthened many, but points out that the want of pastoral care is responsible for a great deal of moral decadence, especially among the men. The article deserves careful reading.

Britons Never Shall Be Knaves

SATAN will not catch the unemployed of England with idle hands. A number of them recently offered to work without pay, providing the work is of a public character. One reason, of course, is that time hangs heavy on a man accustomed to work, who is forced into a prolonged vacation with nothing to do but contemplate the round of the seasons. It is a period of ease more complete than ever he hoped for in his dreams of luxury, but it is not so pleasant as he thought. Another reason, and a nobler, is that the men wish to do something in return for the assistance they have been rendered by the government unemployment fund. They have been given food and clothing from the taxes; and now they will help in whatever way they can to reduce the taxpayers' burden. If their offer is accepted we shall see, in a small way, of course, the accidental application of the plan which everybody has been proposing for the relief of the unemployed, that is, the construction of public improvements which may in turn create new places for labor. The fact that the Englishmen will be paid indirectly for what they do does not destroy the comparison.

Those Unusable Millions

SECRETARY MELLON'S decision that the Treasury cannot use the dry enforcement fund of $25,000,000 which the Senate Appropriations Committee has suddenly added to the original sum, is strange. It obviously uses the wrong words. The Department can use the extra millions but it does not wish to use them. Senator Harris of Georgia, who was successful—unlike Senator Bruce—in

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enlarging the amount, might have been expected to assume immediately the position that the venerable Secretary has no desire to enforce the law. Certainly the administration's course has never been distinguished by any qualities aimed at energetic and comprehensive enforcement. Yet, when Mr. Mellon has spoken, it can well be predicted that Congress will heed his voice. Meanwhile the perennial Mr. McBride is busy spending the money. Much of the additional fund now proposed could be used, he helpfully suggests, for posters, literature and education. This last is a method that has become an obsession with him. Theoretically he would send all who disagree with his own prohibition sentiments to teachers competent to convert the most depraved wet. The government should then be not only in the gigantic business of prohibition enforcement, but likewise in the preposterous business of making recalcitrant citizens enjoy the curtailment of their liberty which prohibition enforcement makes inevitable.

The Philosophers at Marquette

THOUGH we did not attend the meetings of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, held at Marquette just before the new year opened, favorable reports concerning what was said and done there continue to reach us. For one thing, the discussions proved that at length we are getting past the stage when philosophy was an affair of the memory and arriving at the actual drama of thinking, the business of which is to correlate the values of traditional wisdom with the tendencies and discoveries of the age. Among this year's interesting addresses was one by the Reverend Francis Augustine Walsh, analyzing dominant philosophical trends in this country. Father Walsh found four characteristic doctrines: emergent evolution, a theory derived from biology; behavioristic psychology, or the definition of human conduct in terms of instinct; relative metaphysic, which is a projection of scientific method into the realm of being; and the new realism. Other prominent scholars, notably the Reverend Gerald B. Phelan of Toronto, Canada, supplemented this outline with pertinent clarifications. The Association acted very wisely in choosing the Reverend John F. McCormick, S.J., for its next president. Few men have conserved better the fine reasonableness of the scholastic heritage, or have managed better in explaining the past to the ever youthful present.

Mr. Rickard Is Buried

TEX RICKARD, greatest sport promoter of history, was given a funeral which, in many ways, is an odd commentary on American life. The place was Madison Square Garden, scene of gorgeous fistic encounters and symbol of what the man who lay dead in a $15,000 coffin had accomplished. Many thousands of those who had supported his endeavor gathered in the immense expanse of seats, listening in silence to the words which settled like so many wreaths upon implacable fate. Several ministers of religion spoke. Prominent laymen added their humble tributes. Prayers, including some from a Catholic source, were recited at the grave. Thus an incoherent medley of creeds and professions, of religious sentimentalism and hero-worship, the soul of the mourning throng itself seemed to find expression—a throng with hopes and memories, but hazy and shifting ideas; with deep respect for immortality but the most hesitant knowledge of where it lies. There was just one thing Mr. Rickard could not have: a burial according to the faith of his fathers, the chanting of the Dies Irae in the presence of Him Who is the Life. And (all questions of the ultimate well-being of the soul, regarding which we know nothing, being left aside) it is obvious that the position to which poor Rickard attained can be estimated exactly when one compares the meaning of a Mass with the chaotic, one might say the fantastic, farewell which eddied round him in death.

Albany Rehabilitation Plans

ORGANIZATION in Albany of a home for men released from prison is more than a piece of sentimental charity. It is a very reasonable experiment to solve a problem which becomes increasingly embarrassing to men of conscience. It is all very well to develop prisoners into skilled cabinet-makers, masons and painters, but what then? Without a rehabilitation of the spirit, there can be little hope that the majority of these men will have the courage to go on after one or two rebuffs. Those who slink back into the underworld after a brief sally in honest ways are not always to blame. The transition from prison, with its deadening of initiative and independence, to the free world is certainly abrupt, and all are not able to carry on properly through the year or two of adjustment that is necessary. That is when they must be helped, if ever; that is when the community's responsibility toward them is heaviest; yet in most places it is precisely then that the least regard is felt for their welfare. Sentimental ladies will send bushels of goodies and dozens of sweaters (knitted by their own hands) to the men in the prison house, but not many of them will hire a probationer to paint a chicken-coop. Of course the plan at Albany is to help these men to keep straight until they can get on their feet, and until the prison taint has disappeared. The objection may be raised that the associations in such a home will naturally keep thoughts of their prison connections uppermost in the minds of its residents. But the answer is ready that at the same time they are again becoming acquainted with the outside, that day by day their sense of freedom, of independence, is returning, and that until it returns in full they are being sheltered against hunger, cold and the necessary cruelty of a world that cannot afford to take a chance.

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AN INCREASING number of people, apparently, believe that what America needs is not a good five-cent cigar, but a national anthem. Hardly has the tumult and the shouting over Ernest Bloch's victory in the competition for a symphony to include an anthem died away, than we have news of the preliminary decisions in what is announced as a competition for a "new national anthem." We are a coarse lot, no doubt, but we can no more enthuse over the prospects of a day when Americans shall be lyric with an anthem uniquely their own, than we can be concerned over the insidious alien influence now being spread by a song with a British tune. We have not heard Herr Bloch's music, but no matter how excellent it may be we could never sing to it with pleasure such lines as "Our fathers builded a nation to give us justice and peace, Toward higher aims, toward higher goals, etc., etc." Try that on your soprano and see what happens. Nor can better be hoped for in the newer competition, if the winning entries in the preliminary contest may be taken as prophetic. The subject inspires so good a poet as Mr. Markham to proclaim, "From Florida's green groves to far Alaska's coves, Our voices ring. From Fundy's towering wave to San Diego's cave, One future we will brave, One anthem sing." Oh, Mr. Markham!

Try It on Your Soprano

INDIFFERENCE, if not amusement, is the London attitude toward the worry caused in France by the rapid rate at which Germany is building up a fleet of the small, fast ships permitted it under the treaties. "Pocket battleships," the British call them, but the French may be reading a lesson from the English copy-book for all that, remembering what Drake's tiny but nimble ships did to the formidable hulks of Spain in these narrow waters. And in case of war with Germany, any blocking of the French seaway to Poland would call for a reconstruction, at a disadvantage, of the plans for a land campaign. Anyone who thinks that the new Polish port of Gdnyia is a toy affair, or unable even now to accommodate battleships, will do well to consider the fact that it is already the eastern terminal for a line operating between Europe and South America, the home harbor of the Polish Navigation Company, and that it possesses a number of port-to-port lines such as the Gdnyia-Havre operated by the Companie Générale Transatlantique. According to the magazine Poland, Gdynia's first series of works will be completed at the end of the current year, giving it 5,200 meters of wharves, an inner basin and an outer basin for the use of naval vessels. Yet it was no longer ago than nine years that this port, which promises to play so real a part in future shipping, was only a small village and the harbor for half a dozen fishing vessels.

The Wharves of Gdynia

THUS rapidly have the Poles worked to establish their outlet to the sea. How impossible of achievement all this seemed a decade ago! True, Mr. Wilson's thirteenth point demanded for Poland "free access to the sea," but the natural outlet along the Vistula was out of the question, being controlled by the Germanic city of Danzig. Poland got her strip of the coast, but its principal harbor was of no more than local importance. Now its traffic is in the millions of tons, and being doubled every year. Soon construction will start on a second series of works which will give it a second inner basin, an outer basin for coast traffic and an industrial canal. On its completion Poland's dream will have been adequately realized. Commercially great Gdnyia is sure to become; its political significance can be understood from the importance which the French attach to it.

PROGRESS of the most substantial kind was made in the Church's missionary affairs during the past year. With missionary effort well under way in all parts of the world, from the Yukon to the Straits of Magellan, from Africa to Japan, this progress was not made in establishing new missions so much as in developing those long founded. A great deal was done, for instance, toward meeting the need for missionary nurses and physicians, notably the expansion of the Medical Institute at Wurzburg and the opening of a short medical course free to all missionaries at Lille University. An event of some importance was the French government's overtures for the return of certain orders to their mother houses in France. This action would be much more encouraging if it were not for the suspicion that it is not motivated by a new-found tolerance in official circles. It is more likely that the government finally realizes what ambassadors of goodwill the French missionaries have been in the past—what strength they have given to French interests in foreign places. The clause requiring any order that returns to its mother house to work at a distance from France lends strength to this supposition.

A Year of Mission Advance

EDITORIALS FOR EVERY MAN

THAT something or other has put the newspaper editorial on a stretcher is plain as day. In all the land there are not more than five big-time dailies which make a specialty of the comment page, and these are so outstanding that they help cause the average to look worse than it really is. One case is particularly interesting. The Chicago Tribune is a mass of advertisements and headlines, sandwiched in between which one finds the work of two or three brilliant correspondents and what the editor has to say. This last runs counter to all our instincts and desires, but we know that we can always find a point of view expressed with vigorous intelligence by turn-

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ing to the page where Decatur's slogan used to be. Small-town journalism might do something for the editorial, but it doesn't. The owner and manager is too busy chasing advertisers.

Writing recently in the Portsmouth (Ohio) Daily Times, Mr. George Payne declared that the trouble could be traced either to the grip of the business manager or to the circumstance that the writer is "permitted to work in a fog of indifference or neglect." Mr. Payne believes there are as many Wattersons as ever but that they have been gagged. "Nothing can rival the innocuous desuetude of the average editorial page," he says, "and it could be made the brightest and livest part of the paper. People like to read editorials. If they find them up-to-date and full of life they will read them though they are badly written, even though they mock and revile the very folk that the reader may hold as the apple of his eye." This last remark is not to be taken minus a grain of salt, but there is a great deal of truth even in it.

Perhaps the editorial is destined to disappear from most newspapers. These involve so much operative capital and are so largely activated by a desire to "present the news impartially" that, unless they have an exceptional metropolitan following, they cannot afford the "background" of conviction and feeling upon which firm editorial expression depends. The New York World is so triumphant an exception only because it has a unique audience. Does not all this give the weekly a place which little else entitles it to? The weekly is naturally and normally an exposition of group consciousness. It represents this or that view of life. Were it not for its beliefs it would be without a reason for existence. News is forever barred from its domain, owing to the rapidity with which things happen nowadays, and it cannot hope in the long run to compete with monthly and quarterly journals as a medium for the article. Whether its pages be divided between signed and unsigned, staff and contributed, material matters very little. It must comment or it will die.

How to make a weekly earn its place in the sun or realize its possibilities is another question. A public inured to news reading shows little enough desire to add reflection to its bill of fare. The Saturday Evening Post is really a Sunday supplement and does not figure in the present discussion. But as a result of being limited in means, the average weekly cannot afford to get the kind of writing which would fully realize the ideal. Fundamentally it is much more difficult to supply comment than to gather news, because far fewer people can do it, and money is the only way around most difficulties. Is the present melancholy situation permanent? The answer must depend upon the ability of the several groups to win favor and arouse interest. We believe this necessarily involves a long, hard pull, but there are favorable omens to starboard.

THE PLAGUE

OBSERVERS in heaven or in hell must consider that we are doing very well these early weeks of 1929, seeing that we have with us an epidemic of the most treacherous kind. All of us are in rather constant danger of falling ill from influenza, and being exposed to such diseases as sleeping sickness which follow in its train, but very few outside of the sick have allowed this to interfere with the routine of activities and interests.

New York is about to put the speakeasy out of business and Chicago to establish an invisible government by citizens for citizens; Philadelphia will spend $400,000,000 for improvements in the next five years; Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Hughes between them will banish war from the American continents. In other words, we are following our particular hounds with characteristic hue and cry; we are going about our business, and our neighbor's, as zealously as of old. All this might mislead one to suppose that the epidemic is not of a serious nature; the truth is that it would be serious if we did not raise our normal tumult, and thereby keep our heads. The theory now held by many eminent physicians is that the small percentage of fatalities in this visitation of influenza, as compared with 1918, is due not to any lowered vitality on the part of the responsible microbe, but partly to the fact that we now recognize its insidious nature and go to bed when it strikes us, and partly to our comparative familiarity with it, which has helped us to avoid hysterics. Fear, they say, is a physical depressant, and a lowered vitality due to fear is likely to have fatal results. Above all, excitement due to the presence of the disease must be avoided, and so far has largely been avoided. For this our thanks are due the medical fraternity and it is a pleasure, possibly a novelty, to extend them. The warnings of the M. D.'s have been timely; their encouraging advice has been followed with an even more encouraging success.

While we are inclined for these reasons to allow the whole problem of the plague to rest in the hands of the physicians, some of the things which accompany it are for everyone to consider. That it should be exploited by the advertising writers in the employ of drug companies was inevitable; we may regret the lack of taste, even of sense, noticeable in their work, but we must admit that real benefits may result from the more widespread use of such as are reputable preventives. To work publicity stunts in the interests of patent medicine companies, however, is a practice so ugly that it is difficult to see how a devil of any standing in his profession could afford to assist in its invention and continued execution. The answer, perhaps, is that only ingenious man could be responsible for it. The hope behind the stunts is to stampede the public into the drug stores; to arouse the excitement and hysteria which physicians fear and which they have taken such pains to allay.

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The epidemic has given the physicians a chance to learn more about the nature of the influenza microbe, and the rest of us more about the nature of men. The scientist will take the results of his study to the laboratory, and the rest of us will take ours, as in other troublous times, to our prayers. We are all too advanced to suppose that a plague in these days is a visitation from God to remind us of our sins. But while we are most loudly denying that this one is in the nature of a punishment, let no heckler ask us, at any rate, whether we do not deserve punishment. Such a question would be to most of us, extremely embarrassing to answer.

THE WORLD'S POCKETBOOK

MR. S. PARKER GILBERT'S report on the reparations problem is a singularly astute document. To our way of thinking it prepares the ground for almost everything its author desires to see happen, and obviously his desires are several. Though the evidence advanced emphasizes the financial stability of Germany, it also goes on to stress the cardinal weakness of the Dawes plan. "Neither the reparations problem," we are told, "nor the other problems dependent upon it, will be finally solved until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility, without foreign supervision and without transfer protection." In other words the policy now in vogue is dangerous, first because it ultimately relies upon military force to carry supervision through, and secondly because the permanence of that force cannot be guaranteed. The security for European reparations has, as a matter of fact, been less an affair of German property than of Franco-British power. If the Germans are given every conceivable reason for opposing this, the time may come when they actually will do so. This is at once exceedingly bad finance and exceedingly dangerous to universal peace.

On the other hand the tendency among allied diehards is still to make the Versailles treaty complete a process of dismantling Germany which many of them thought should have been inaugurated vigorously by victory. They very much want the right to control the affairs of the Reich, and they also want the reparations total large enough to prevent Teutonic ascendency. But since their efforts—typified by the occupation of the Ruhr—led only to the collapse of the mark, it became necessary to make United States financial interests the arbiters of the whole development. Mr. Gilbert and his fellows immediately decided that collecting from Germany had its limits. There was, in the first place, simple economic law. "Capacity to pay" must hinge upon the ability of the debtor to meet his own bills (that is, not to exchange an I. O. U. to the grocer for a note to the doctor) and upon the ability of the creditor to accept the funds offered in payment (which means in this case that German marks must be worth something before they can be deposited in Paris). These views, which have characterized the position of the United States with regard to the work of the Experts' Committee, are supplemented by a wise regard for the social maxim that the kind of deprivation which would skim from the German standard of living enough to pay off indefinite debts would (leaving moral standards entirely out of consideration) disturb the world's financial harmony by forcing upon it the pressure of what would virtually be slave labor.

That representatives of the United States have been able to recommend such an attitude is due, first of all, to widespread European conviction that it is right, and secondly, to the financial power wielded by American banks. These last, however, must of necessity be interested in a solution of the problem which removes the element of political disturbance. The point has been made clearer since the discovery that private German loans are mere substitutes for public indebtedness. How can American credit be extended to the Reich unless the lenders are satisfied (a) that the financial condition of the country is sound, and (b) that sources of income will suffice to wipe out the total indebtedness? Mr. Gilbert's report answers the first question in the affirmative, wherefore it should now prove easier to raise funds. The second question can be settled only by the wise action of a suitable Experts' Committee, in the conclusions of which the United States is directly interested.

There exists a genuine relationship between all wartime indebtedness. Congress, of course, was quite right in declaring that loans to the allied nations during the period of hostilities were simple business matters, which must be settled now in the regular way. This business, has, however, had a marked effect upon the currency of all concerned, and so has altered the world's trade situation. Even though Britain, France and other countries are now at least as "sound" as Germany, none of them can reckon with fixed sums due the United States, and unknown sums to be collected from the Reich. It may not be to our best interest to lump war debts in one huge total, but we must at least consider them under the same heading and with reference to the same fundamental economic laws. Mr. Gilbert knows all this very well, and his document constitutes a very astute plaidoyer for reform.

No comment on what the Experts' Committee ought to do would have any sense at the present time. But there seems to be general agreement that German obligations should be fixed as a sum a little in excess of $4,000,000,000; that bonds issued for this amount would have to be marketed, for the most part in the United States; and that the allied governments might be expected to guarantee the issues to the extent of their own indebtedness to Washington. The important matter at the present time is the circumstance that sanity is likely to prevail.

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THE SIZE OF THE FARM BUSINESS

By ROBERT STEWART

THIS is the day of the merger. There are almost daily mergers of newspapers, charities, hospitals and clubs. In the industrial field the prevailing tendency is supreme. Competition has become so keen there that only the economic producers and distributors can succeed. The larger the merger the more successful the industry, seems to be the rule.

The agricultural industry alone maintains its isolation and there the small productive unit is general. According to the census of 1920 there were 6,448,343 farms in the United States and these farms were classified as follows:

Number of Farms	Area
796,593	Under 20 acres
1,503,732	20 to 49 acres
1,474,752	50 to 99 acres
1,449,630	100 to 174 acres
1,006,447	175 to 499 acres
217,224	Over 500 acres

That is, 3,775,077 farms or 58.5 percent of the farms of America are under 100 acres in size! The idea that the ideal farming system is one based upon the foundation of the small, land-owning operator, and that centralization is not only impractical but highly undesirable, is deeply rooted in this country. Mr. Hoover, for example, in his acceptance speech says:

> Farming is and must continue to be an individualistic business of small units and independent ownership. . . . The organization of agriculture into larger units must not be by enlarged farms.

This idea that the small farm unit is fundamentally vital to the welfare of our national security is widely accepted as true. Yet, in an age of successful industrial combination, how can the small farm unit hope to succeed in agriculture? And, furthermore, the larger farm units, in harmony with industrial experience everywhere, are distinctly the more successful.

Recently the United States Department of Agriculture made a survey in representative agricultural districts in the corn belt including Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The influence of the size of the farm business on the farmer's income was clearly demonstrated and is recorded below:

Area	Number of Farms Studied	Farmer's Income
Less than 40 acres	32	$ 416
41 to 80 "	51	$ 848
81 " 120 "	48	$ 998
121 " 160 "	44	$1,467
161 " 200 "	31	$1,956
201 " 280 "	36	$2,738
281 " 400 "	19	$2,838
401 " 1,250 "	12	$6,182

Two-thirds of these 273 farmers were making less than $1,500 per year, and were cultivating farms less than 160 acres in size. The other third were cultivating farms larger than 160 acres and were making from $1,900 to $6,000 per year! The twelve farmers who were cultivating farms larger than 400 acres were making over $6,000 per year. As in the industrial world the larger productive units were distinctly more successful. Are there not, then, still too many farmers? Is not the small farmer trying to accomplish the impossible? Is it not inevitable that mergers of small farms into larger units must take place if a business success in agriculture is to be expected?

All who have studied the problems of farming are agreed that mergers of farmers into coöperative pools for the distribution of farm products are not only sound and desirable but inevitable. But is it necessarily true, as Hoover says: "If the farmer's position is to be improved by larger operations it must be done, not on the farm, but in the field of distribution"?

The first step in the successful merchandizing of any commodity is economic production. It is futile to organize mergers for the distribution of farm products if those products have been produced at such a high cost (which must be the case on the small unit) as to prevent their sale at a price the consumer can afford to pay. Wherein can larger farm units make for more economic production?

The larger farm unit can secure modern, up-to-date equipment which the small farmer cannot. It can secure financial aid more easily. The costs of production are thus distinctly lower on the larger farm unit. This does not necessarily mean that the big bonanza farms of the past will be revived, but the evidence does seem clear that there are still too many small farms and that they will slowly be merged into large units for production.

An interesting example of the economic production of a farm commodity is the unique merger of a group of small farms into the Berkeley Olive Association of Oroville, California. This association consists of twenty-eight individual small owners whose holdings vary in size from eight to fifty acres and total 502 acres. The association operates the entire tract as a single grove, yet each individual owns his tract and may dispose of it at any time. The association of these small units into a single productive unit is a very effective way for securing adequate capital and efficient management for the production of a farm commodity. Efficient use is thus made of all the factors of production in reducing the cost of production. The fact that their trees are better and more economically cared for by this arrangement has kept this association of growers together for fourteen years. Assessments

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of $3.00 per acre per month are made for the normal care of the orchards, under which are included, of course, such items as irrigation, cultivation and pruning.

Out of these assessments the association has, during the fourteen years of its existence, constructed its own farm buildings, including a ranch house, barn and machine sheds, and has also acquired teams, tractors, plows, cultivators, trucks and other equipment necessary for the successful care of such an orchard. Equipment such as this association has for its necessary work the individual small producer could not afford to buy: the net result is a marked reduction in the cost of production. This association now has over $500,000 invested in land and trees as fixed capital. The investment in houses, barns, plows, tractors and other equipment is $20,000—all of which is available for use on the small tracts. For operating expenses, $15,000 is annually available from the small monthly assessments.

The group effort made possible by this unique association makes possible also the employment of a qualified manager and able assistants who personally oversee not only all phases of production but also the picking of the ripe fruit at harvest time. This insures that the utmost care is taken that only ripe fruit in the prime of condition is taken from the tree at each picking, and that the picked fruit is each day delivered to the packing house in first-class condition. As a result, only a product of genuine quality reaches the market.

The associated effort of this group of producers also makes possible the establishment of a packing house where the fruit is carefully graded, culled, stemmed and immediately placed in the pickling vat. After it is thoroughly processed it is again culled and sorted for color and texture under the careful supervision of a competent foreman, whose employment is again made possible by the group action of the association. The packed product is marketed to the trade as a quality product through the various agencies such as brokers and jobbers in the large centres of distribution.

The financial results from the smallest tract of this association in 1927 are as follows: An area of nine acres produced 25,614 pounds of pickles and 5,992 pounds of oil olives. The price received for the olives depends on the size of the olives. Since this is a co-operative association, the full returns are not all in yet, but based on the actual yield and minimum possible prices, the results recorded below may be confidently expected.

4,580 pounds of mammoth size at $260 per ton	$ 595.40
10,290 pounds of extra large size at $190 per ton	977.55
7,921 pounds of large size at $150 per ton	594.08
2,833 pounds of medium size at $85 per ton	120.40
5,997 pounds of oil olives at $30 per ton	89.96
Total	$2,377.39

The cost of care and cultivation of this tract of nine acres for the year 1927 was $324. The cost of picking was $308.16, while the cost of delivering to the packing plant was $94.20. Taxes on the land were $24.73. Thinning the fruit was $20.00. Fertilizer was $137.50. The total cost of production was $908.59. The minimum conservative value of the crop was $2,377.39. The profit is $1,468.80.

The net worth of the nine acres today is $7,500. The profit for the year 1927 was $1,468.80 which is equal to 19.6 percent interest on the investment. This is a very satisfactory return. The prospects for 1928 are very much better than 1927.

The merger in industry has been found necessary to meet successfully the economic conditions of the day. There is a growing accumulation of evidence that the consolidation of small farm units into larger operating groups is also not only inevitable but highly desirable if farming is to become a truly profitable industry. In spite of the commonly accepted point of view, combination must take place not only in the field of distribution of agricultural products, but also in the field of production, and for exactly the same reasons that such combinations have been found so successful in industry. And as a matter of fact, mergers of small farms into large ones are rapidly taking place. In 1910, for example, there were 839,166 farms under twenty acres in size, while in 1920 there were only 796,593 such farms, an actual decrease of 42,573. On the other hand, the number of farms over 500 acres in size increased from 175,430 to 217,227, an actual increase of 41,797 farms, or an increase of 24 percent of the largest size within a ten-year period.

In the early life of this country, when it was primarily an agricultural country, the small, self-sufficient farm was a vital thing, but now that farming is becoming commercialized, must it not follow the lead of successful industry elsewhere?

Afterward

You hurt me so far down
Under the glitter of things,
I did not know them broken.
They shone like beetle-wings

That turn the sun with lacquer.
Rasping, shattered fine,
Edged as when glass is shattered,
I did not know them mine.

The surface-glitter, the dazzle
Of things I used to know,
I looked at without feeling:
Only with wonder slow

That let me count their colors:
For you had hurt too much.
I wish I could remember
The anguish of your touch.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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THE MASS IN THE FOREST

By LADISLAS REYMONT

Ladislas Reymont was not primarily a novelist interested in the history of his country, as Sienkiewicz had been. The present story, which The Commonweal will publish in three parts, is really based upon observations made during the course of a journey through the district of Chelm. Hurdy, the village near Biala with which the narrative concerns itself, was the centre of Polish opposition to the armed proselytizing which reached its highest point after the ukase of Alexander II in 1867. The translation is by Mr. K. Zuk Skarszewska. All rights of serial publication are reserved.—The Editors.

TREMENDOUSLY excited, Mr. M., a country gentleman, exclaimed:

"Why, I myself took part in the last Mission, and it is so engraved in my memory that I can describe it to you in its smallest details. But to give you a clearer idea of what life really was here before the proclamation of religious freedom, I had better begin by depicting for you a characteristic scene.

In that year Easter fell at the beginning of April. On Good Friday, I remember, there was a drizzling rain all day, and it was very chilly. Snow still lay in the hollows, the fields were soaking wet and the roads impassable. I was worried, for it looked as if we were in for a wet spell, and to make matters worse my blacksmith, who was a Roman Catholic, came and begged me for horses to bring the priest to his sick wife.

"What ails her?" I asked. "Yesterday evening I saw her milking the cows."

"She fell sick in the night, and seems to be dying," he said, drawing his sleeve across his eyes.

"Go to my wife; perhaps she can give you medicine, or help in some way."

"But . . . it is not safe—it may be smallpox."

I was now seriously alarmed, for smallpox was prevalent in the country all through the winter.

"Perhaps I'd better send for the doctor?" I suggested.

He stood there gaping, so taken aback that he was unable to utter a word. Suddenly he fell at my feet, kissing my hands and stammering in a frightened voice:

"We want nobody but the priest. The doctor can't help. And what good are doctors? They do but twist and turn you about, tap you all over, order you some medicine, and then take your money and leave you the sickness. The Lord Jesus is more likely to bring about a change for the better. My wife wants nobody but the priest."

I went at once to the stables to see about the horses, for there were three good miles of mud and slush to the parish, and in passing the servants' quarters I caught sight of the blacksmith's wife, very busy feeding some little pigs. I scolded her for exposing herself to the cold while she was so ill. Smiling strangely, she invited me in, and after carefully closing the door she whispered in my ear:

"Master, you must send for the priest. He must come with the Blessed Sacrament—he must come."

She spoke so earnestly, and her eyes shone so strangely, that I felt certain she was delirious.

"I am all right, thank God," she exclaimed. "But you see, master, the priest can come only to me. You must know—I am the only Roman Catholic in the whole village."

I began to understand. "Who is ill?" I asked.

"There are four in the village who are lying at death's door, but they cannot die without confession, the priest is not allowed to visit those who are officially Orthodox. Are these four innocent souls to be left without the Blessed Sacrament? They have been agonizing for a week and they cannot die; they moan and moan and beg for the priest. It is terrible to see and hear them. So I thought to myself: I will pretend to be ill—God will forgive me the deceit—the priest will come to me, and I will have those poor sick creatures brought here where they can confess themselves. The police will have no suspicions."

"Do you want to bring the smallpox into the house?" I cried.

"Without the will of God, not a hair can fall from our heads!" she replied.

"But," I expostulated, "you have little children; they may easily take the infection."

"It can't be helped. Perhaps the Lord Jesus will show His mercy to us in some other way. These poor creatures must be helped. It is no small matter, the saving of a human soul," she added, with such force that I renounced further persuasion and sent the horses for the priest.

At dusk the sick ones were brought to the blacksmith's house and laid on the floor side by side. The blacksmith's wife placed lighted candles in their hands, knelt in the middle of the room and began to pray fervently for the poor creatures lying there motionless, patiently waiting for confession, absolution and death.

That I saw with my own eyes, and never shall I forget it!

Late that evening the priest arrived, and in his tracks, as usual, the police, to spy out if he was not carrying religious consolation to "recalcitrants." They were prying under the curtained windows the whole of the time, but they discovered nothing. The priest prepared the sick ones for death, and drove away.

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That very night, all those poor sufferers died.

A few days later, the blacksmith's wife lost two children. They were victims of smallpox.

It was a terrible price to pay for her act of mercy, but she received the blow with a sort of ecstatic happiness. Immediately after the funeral she exclaimed to my wife:

"My little children died, but by their death they saved four souls from eternal damnation!"

Now, soon after the departure of the priest and his guardian angels, when everything was quiet in the house, I went to my study, and no sooner had I lit the lamp than someone tapped on the window, and a face peered through the panes. I took my revolver and went out into the porch. A man stood before the door.

He approached his face to mine, and whispered:

"Tomorrow night there is a Mission."

"Where?"

"At noon a wagon with a grey horse will stop before the tavern. Two peasants will be in it. Join them—they will guide you."

"Where do you hail from?" I asked him involuntarily.

"From the whole world," he replied, with rugged severity.

I pressed him to enter and rest awhile.

"It is no time for rest! I must awaken those who are sleeping!" he exclaimed in an inspired tone.

"May I take my wife with me to the Mission?"

"It is too far. And besides, for a woman, death comes easier than to keep a secret." He turned to go.

"Stay at least until dawn. The night is so dark and wet."

"I know every ditch and hollow here, and he who brings good tidings does not go astray! I am late as it is, for I waited until the police and the priest had gone."

"But will the priest be at the Mission?"

"He is not one of us—he is only a bit of ordinary parish furniture!"

Such an expression from his lips surprised me, but before I could make any remark he was gone. I only heard the sound of footsteps in the mud and the whining of the dogs.

The next day at noon, dressed so as not to attract attention, I ordered a good nag to be put to an ordinary farm wagon, and started on my way. I found the wagon with the grey horse and the two peasants waiting before the tavern, and as soon as I drove up and made as though to pass, they took the lead, paying no attention whatever to me.

The roads were dreadful: full of holes, and like the bottom of a marshy river. We drove slowly, avoiding the villages, and by such tortuous ways that after a time I lost all idea of our whereabouts.

Contrary to my expectations the day was beautiful and springlike. The sun shone, the larks sang, the flooded meadows reflected the bright sky, and here and there in sheltered spots the winter corn was already growing.

Near a large village, which was dominated by the green cupolas of a Russian church, my guides halted, and one of them called to me:

"At the end of the village, on the right-hand side, the last cottage!" They turned up a side path, and I drove on boldly to the village.

The road, bordered on either side by houses, was full of puddles, the noise and confusion of holiday preparations, and dogs which followed me barking furiously. Before the Russian church, rebuilt from the Catholic church, stood a guard, who eyed me with such insistence that I involuntarily whipped up my horse. I also noticed that from many of the houses the villagers were starting to the fields with plows and harrows in their wagons. This struck me as strange, for the ground was low-lying, and everywhere water still shone in the furrows. A few peasants were sitting on a jumble of tubs by one of the houses, and when I passed they rose with the usual greeting: "May Jesus Christ be praised!" and followed me. The village was about two versts long, and when at last I approached the end of it and began to look for the last cottage, one of the peasants who was following my cart remarked in a low voice:

"The police are after you, sir. You must turn to the right, drive round the cottage, and pull up behind the buildings near the barn!" And he passed on without stopping a moment.

I turned aside. The narrow path, bordered thickly by willows, ran alongside a big house so surrounded by trees that only a faint glimmer of whitewashed walls and thatched roof was visible.

I cautiously glanced around: The spy was hidden at the turning, keeping a sharp watch on me from behind the trees, and the peasants were walking toward the forest in Indian file.

Impatient to find some sort of an entrance, I drove nearer. But the whole house seemed to be abandoned; the windows were curtained with straw matting, the doors closed, the wicket in the hedge padlocked, and although I drove noisily and cracked my whip, nobody appeared—not even a dog barked. At last, when I turned behind the barn, a gate suddenly opened, and closed after me as soon as I was inside. The old, grey-headed peasant who had let me in said in kindly tones:

"You can leave the horse near the shed," and walked away, paying me no further attention.

Several sturdy horses were already standing there. I entered the house with a certain eagerness. Inside it was almost dark; very little light filtered through the covered windows, but by the red glow from the hearth I could distinguish a number of people seated around the room. No one greeted me. There was no sign that my entrance had been noticed except that they began to whisper among themselves, but I felt myself to be the target of searching, suspicious

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glances. I tried to start a conversation, but received only unwilling, scanty responses. And when I inquired about the Mission with a certain insistence, someone remarked impatiently:

"When the proper time comes, it will be made known."

At length, seeing my isolation, one of the gathering, a woman, introduced me to the others with a few words of explanation.

At once horny hands were stretched toward me, somebody threw fresh branches on the fire, the bright flames lit up the whole room and I could see plainly all those who were there assembled. I knew none of them personally but I was well acquainted with the heroic type, the severe yet benevolent faces, the fearless eyes and the martyrlike heads of the "recalcitrants."

"Strangers could surely never find their way here," I said, greeting each one separately.

"But we have to be careful. A bad man, like a stench, can get in everywhere."

"Sometimes one has to be careful of one's own shadow."

"It is difficult to protect oneself: so many of these 'soul-snatchers' are on the watch for unbelievers!"

"A few days ago they got on the scent of Michael Klimiuk of Wisznica."

"And what happened?" cried voices full of alarm.

"He was taken. It was for a Catholic marriage, sir," he explained, turning to me. "He was married in Cracow in the autumn. After their return the wife, who was from another parish, was engaged by the husband as a servant, and in this way they were able to live together according to God's command. But one night the police caught them together, searched the whole house, even tearing the thatching from the roof, and the marriage certificate was discovered. What they did to them immediately after, God only knows! She was fettered like a sheep and driven back to her father, and he was taken to the district commander. And now they order him to have a second marriage in the Russian church."

"I imagine he will not consent to that," I remarked.

"He's a tough fellow. They 'converted' his mother in such a way that it killed her, and his father is even now somewhere in Siberia. He is the most stubborn of "recalcitrants," and well they know it. They'll make him pay a heavy price for his marriage and let him know what trouble means."

THE CHURCH IN CHINA

By BARRY O'TOOLE

THOUGH it is customary to assume that Christianity first entered China in the seventh century under the form of Nestorianism, there is some evidence which tends to show that the advent of Catholic or pre-Nestorian Christianity preceded that of "the Luminous Religion." Arnobius, for instance, the African rhetorician of Sicca Veneria, numbers the "Seres" (the Greco-Roman name for the people of North China) among the oriental nations already reached by the Gospel of Christ. The work of Arnobius is entitled Adversus Nationes and was written during the period of the persecution of Diocletian (303-305). Inasmuch as Nestorius did not become bishop of Constantinople until 428, the Christianity to which Arnobius refers could not have been Nestorian.

The history proper, however, of the Catholic missions in China commences with the thirteenth century; for it was then (1245) that Pope Innocent IV sent the Franciscan Giovanni da Pian de' Carpini to the court of the Mongol Khan. The first mission in Chinese territory was that of Khanbalig (Pekin) founded by another Franciscan, Friar Giovanni of Monte Corvino, in 1293, just one year after the departure of Marco Polo and one year before the death of Kublai Khan. On July 23, 1307, Pope Clement V appointed Friar Giovanni of Monte Corvino archbishop of Khanbalig. Consecrators were sent to Pekin to perform the ceremony, which took place in 1308.

The archbishop died in 1333 and was succeeded by Friar Nicholas, who brought with him to China twenty-six friars and six lay brothers. The last archbishop of Pekin was William of Prato, who was appointed in 1370. The following year a papal legate, Francesco di Podio, was sent to Khanbalig with twelve companions, but none of the party was ever heard of again. With the downfall of the Mongol (Yuan) dynasty and the accession of the Ming dynasty (in 1368) all traces of this mediaeval mission at Pekin were swept away. Very little is known regarding the work accomplished by these early Franciscan missionaries, but it is said that they converted about thirty thousand pagans.

The Ming dynasty, whose first emperors had exterminated the Franciscan missions, had not yet run its course when the first Jesuit missionary, Michele Ruggieri, entered China in 1581. Matteo Ricci, who followed him in 1583, was summoned to Pekin by Emperor Wan Li in 1601. This great Jesuit enjoyed the favor of the last Ming emperors. In the work of diffusing the Gospel he was ably assisted by a group of learned colleagues, who were no less remarkable for their mastery of Chinese literature than for their proficiency in mathematics, astronomy and other western sciences. Especially famous are the names of Giulio Aleni, Alfonso Vagnoni, Adam Schall von Bell, Ferdinand Verbiest, Emmanuel Diaz, et al. The last of the Ming line, Crown Prince Constantine, son of Emperor Yung Li (Kuei Wang) was baptized by the

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Jesuit Father Andrew Xavier Koffler. The unfortunate prince, however, never mounted the Dragon Throne. He was put to death at Yunanfu by order of Wu San-kuei in 1662.

Under the Ts'ing dynasty (1644-1912) the Jesuits again attained to high favor at the court of Pekin. Their influence was at its greatest height under the celebrated Emperor K'ang Hsi (1662-1722). In fact, there is every reason to believe that if the unfortunate rites controversy had not intervened, the Jesuits would have been successful in their effort to convert this great Manchu emperor. At all events, the present writer had occasion to note in a recently discovered court diary kept by K'ang Hsi himself many remarkable expressions of attachment and esteem, which show that the emperor's affectionate regard for the Jesuits continued to the very end of his life.

Under Yung Cheng (1723-1735) the son and successor of K'ang Hsi, the influence of the Jesuits began to decline. This monarch, in fact, inaugurated a savage persecution of the Christians. Under his successor, Ch'ien Lung (1736-1896) the Jesuits were again taken into service at the imperial court, but failed to regain their former prestige. The period of the Jesuit missions terminates with the suppression of the Society of Jesus by Pope Clement XIV in 1773. Henceforth the French Lazarists (Vincentians) replaced the Jesuits at Pekin.

The next period, following upon a prolonged series of persecutions, began with the treaty of Tientsin in 1858. This treaty acknowledged the right of Christian missionaries to preach the Gospel and to make converts in all parts of China. Its sequel was the establishment of missions throughout China by nearly all of the great religious orders of the Catholic Church. The subsequent Agreement of Berthemy (1865) gave the Christian missions the right to acquire and possess property in China. This period closes with the Boxer Uprising in 1900.

The last or contemporary period of the Catholic missions in China dates from the foundation of the Chinese republic in 1912. It is characterized by intense solicitude on the part of the Holy See to accelerate the spread of the Faith in the Orient. This is evidenced by the increased number of missionaries which the religious orders of both Europe and America are pouring into China, in response to the exhortations of the Congregation of the Propaganda, as well as by the increased support which the faithful of both continents are giving to the subsidiary works of the missions, such as seminaries, schools, orphanages, hospitals, homes for the aged, dispensaries, etc.

In the encyclical Maximum Illud (1919) Benedict XV reiterated the traditional policy of the Catholic Church so pithily expressed in the aphorism of Clement XI (1700-1721): "Rather ordain one single native priest than convert fifty thousand heathen." An important forward step in the practical application of this policy was taken immediately after the accession of the reigning Pontiff, Pius XI. This was the establishment of the first permanent apostolic delegation in China. To fill this post Pius XI chose as the first incumbent a man of remarkable vision and tireless activity, Archbishop Celso Costantini.

Archbishop Costantini arrived in Pekin toward the close of the year 1922. In addition to working for the realization of the "indigenous aspiration," his function was to be that of coördinating and unifying the various missionary enterprises of the Catholic Church in China. It was in pursuance of these aims that he convoked at Shanghai in the May of 1924 the first national council of the Church in China. This synod legislated into practice the principles laid down in the Maximum Illud. Two native Chinese prelates (prefects apostolic) participated in this council.

In the year 1926, His Holiness issued the splendid encyclical Rerum Ecclesiae. This, in conjunction with the Maximum Illud of Benedict XV, constitutes, as it were, the Magna Charta of the Catholic missions. In the same year, too, the present Pope raised the two native apostolic prefectures to the rank of vicariates, creating, besides, four more native vicariates. To fill these new posts, Pius XI, on October 28, 1926, consecrated at Rome the six Chinese bishops: Philip Chao, Melchior Sun, Odoric Ch'eng, Aloysius Ch'en, Joseph Hu and Simon Tsu. Before this, only one native Chinese priest had had the distinction of being elevated to the episcopate—Father Gregory Lo, O.P., who was consecrated at Canton on April 8, 1685. One of the six bishops, Right Reverend Philip Chao, vicar apostolic of Hsuan-hua-fu, has since died and been succeeded by Bishop Peter Ch'eng, who was consecrated by Archbishop Costantini at Hsuan-hua-fu on July 2, 1928. It is stated on good authority that the Holy See is soon to create thirteen new vicariates, to take charge of which as many native Bishops will be consecrated.

Closely correlated with the project of making the Church indigenous in China is the recent reorganization of the clerical seminaries. The function of these institutions is the all-important one of forming an educated and competent native clergy. Here especially there is every evidence of rapid development and progress. All of the seventy-three vicariates and prefectures, which make up the whole of the Catholic Church in China, are bending every effort to establish junior seminaries. Regional and central seminaries are also being established in all the great centres of population. The Lazarist Fathers have a major seminary at Sha-la (near Pekin) whose purpose is to supply the northern vicariates with native secular clergy, and another at Kashing, in Chekiang, to cultivate native religious vocations for their own congregation. The Jesuits have a major seminary at Shanghai; the Franciscans have regional seminaries at Sianfu, Tsinanfu and Hankow; the Fathers of the Divine Word have a regional seminary at Yenchowfu and the Scheut Fathers another at Tatungfu. Other re-

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gional seminaries are now being organized: one at Hongkong for the southern vicariates; one at Kaifeng for the vicariates of Honan; one at Nanchang for the province of Kiangsi; one at Fengtien (Mukden) for the whole of Manchuria; and one, finally, at Chengtu for the province of Szechuan.

In addition to these, the Holy See is contemplating the establishment of a National Chinese College at Rome, in which Chinese seminarians may receive a thorough, scientific training for the priesthood. Meanwhile, fifteen Chinese ecclesiastical students are attending courses at the Propaganda University in Rome. These will return to China after their ordination. The total number of native students who were attending preparatory seminaries in China proper in 1927 was 1,236; the number attending junior seminaries, 2,150, while those in major seminaries numbered 824. The grand total, therefore, of ecclesiastical students in the seminaries of China for the year 1927 was 4,210. The number of native priests actually ordained is 1,243, the number of foreign priests in China being 1,854. Such figures point to a time in the not-distant future when the native clergy will outnumber the foreign.

Though greatly handicapped in the matter of funds and personnel, the Catholic missions have of recent years made not a few forward strides in the field of education. The last quarter of a century has witnessed the establishment of three institutions of higher education in China, namely: the University of the Aurore founded at Shanghai by the French Jesuits under the auspices of the French government in the year 1908; the University of Tientsin (Hautes Etudes) opened by another group of French Jesuits at Tientsin in 1923; (this institution is not connected with the French government, and it employs English instead of French as an official medium of instruction); the Catholic University of Pekin (Fu Jen Ta Hsüeh) established in 1925 by the American Benedictines at the express request of the Holy See. The total number of students attending these three institutions is approximately 760. All of these, it should be noted, are male students. China still lacks a Catholic institution of higher education for girls.

The total number of students enrolled in Catholic middle schools for the year 1926-1927 is officially given as 18,910, but the writer is extremely dubious about the accuracy of this figure. The number of genuine Catholic middle schools in China is pitifully small and the actual attendance assuredly falls far short of the number given in the official statistics. The number of students attending Catholic normal schools during the same year is estimated as 1,193, and those attending Catholic primary schools as 80,909. Hence the grand total of students attending Catholic schools of all grades is (according to the latest statistics) 101,772.

Some but by no means all of these Catholic schools are recognized by the Chinese government. Thus the Catholic University of Pekin was recognized by Ministerial Mandate No. 526, under date of November 3, 1927. The total of "registered" or "recognized" Catholic schools in the vicariate of Pekin is reckoned at eighty-nine, but this figure, too, would seem to be exaggerated. In other vicariates the number of registered schools is notably smaller.

With reference to the charitable institutions conducted by the Catholic missions of China, space will not permit us to do more than cite the statistics given for the year 1926-1927. There are 334 orphanages taking care of 19,502 orphans of both sexes. The number of hospitals is ninety-four and the number of patients for the aforesaid year 54,732. There are 110 homes for the aged taking care of 8,113 elderly persons of both sexes. The number of pharmacies and dispensaries is 480, the annual number of treatments given being 3,591,193 and the number of cures recorded 1,253,493.

Some idea of the Church's present rate of growth in China can be gathered from a comparison of the statistics for the year 1927 with those of 1926. The number of Catholics in 1927 is estimated as 2,439,220. The total increase over the preceding year (taking into account births, deaths, conversions and losses) is 46,773.

More interesting and encouraging, however, than these dry-as-dust statistics are the various ramifications and manifestations of the previously described indigenous movement. At Hsuan-hua-fu the Spanish Redemptorists are engaged in the task of organizing a new religious congregation of native priests to be known as that of "the Disciples of the Lord." The special purpose of this new congregation is "to spread the Faith in China," a task for which well-trained native priests are naturally far better qualified than foreign missionaries. If the Church is to become genuinely articulate in China, this can only be through the lips of Chinese priests, whose power to move the hearts of their countrymen is incomparably greater than that of the stammering eloquence of the foreign clergy. The inspiration for this new foundation was a suggestion made by the reigning Pontiff himself in the encyclical Rerum Ecclesiae.

The writer has tried, somewhat vainly, he fears, to convey, within the compass of a short article, a general notion of what the Catholic missions have done and hope to do for China, of how our missionaries are striving to adapt themselves to the life of China, to reverence her noble cultural and artistic traditions; to respect Chinese nationalism and Chinese patriotism, to work with all their hearts for the spiritual weal, the national progress, the social and material prosperity of a people who, in the words of the recent message of the Holy Father, "outnumber every other on the face of the earth; a people who have had epochs of greatness and splendor; a people who, if they persevere in the ways of justice and order, have before them a great future."

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MORALITY AND BUSINESS

By WILLIAM B. GWINNELL

A CLEVER college student who was asked in his senior class in moral philosophy to draw a distinction between morality and religion, answered in striking and picturesque phrase: "Morality is religion in her working clothes, and religion is morality robed for the altar." The apostle of religion is concerned deeply with morality, and the realms of conduct where morality manifests itself should be of profound interest to him. In the early days of our history as an independent nation, our country was primarily agricultural, the bulk of the people living on farms, supplying their needs from their farms. Now it is primarily a business country. The following table will show the pronounced shift in occupations in the fifty years from 1870 to 1920:

Occupational Classes in the United States	1870	1920
Farmers	24.0	15.5
Proprietors and Officials	4.6	7.6
Professional	3.3	6.6
Salaried lower	2.5	9.6
Total independent and middle occupational strata	34.4	39.3
Farm Laborers	23.1	10.0
Servants	7.8	3.1
Industrial wage earners	26.6	42.4
Total lower wage-earner class	57.5	55.5
Unclassified	8.1	5.2

Questions, then, relating to business, how it affects morality and what are its ethical standards, have become of paramount importance.

In the first place, American business in the judgment of competent experts has, since the beginning of this century, shown a marked advance in its standards of honesty and fair dealing, and in respect for the rights of customers and competing concerns. It is clear that in the contact of business with business there is far less of graft and bribery in purchasing and placing contracts, and more of intelligent and self-respecting conduct on the part of commercial travelers. Years ago advertising of retail concerns was devised and phrased too much like the advertising for Barnum's circus, a modicum of truth swallowed up in an overwhelming flood of words. In advertising now there is greater truth of statement, less of flamboyant boasting, a desire to avoid misrepresentation. In selling there has been a decided change for the better in more intelligent and courteous service from clerks, and in a growing recognition of the value which honest goods and fair treatment possess alike in the securing and the retaining of customers.

Trade formerly was marked by sharp bargaining, by the endeavor of one party to a transaction to overreach the other through crooked dealing and false statements. Large corporations shared in this tendency. Forty years ago, it has been said,

> Big business, which was just beginning to organize itself, was as mean and tricky as petty business. It was believed that no business could become large honestly, and the newly formed corporations seemed determined to justify that belief.

Furthermore great corporations seemed possessed by an overmastering desire to crush and ruin competitors through trickery and ruthless domination. At the best they merely stayed inside the technical limits of the law. At the worst they practised nefarious commercial piracy.

We need only contrast the Standard Oil Company of early days with its merciless crushing out of small competitors by marked underselling and cutting of prices in the territory where the small competitor operated, with the conditions of the oil trade at present. We need only compare the rebates unjustly secured from railroads by the Carnegie Steel Corporation, the price wars that forced small concerns to the wall, with Judge Elbert Gary's beneficent guidance of the United States Steel Corporation, his recognition of the right of other steel companies to exist and do business, his stabilizing of the steel trade through fair prices consistently maintained, and the standards of fair dealing he established in the solicitation of contracts.

Business on the whole at the beginning of this century was on a low moral plane, and business men honestly believed that anything they could get away with was not only allowable but good business. Human nature has not radically changed, but the increase in knowledge, the marvelous development in science, the recognition of the value of expert training, have all been contributing factors in the change of sentiment and opinion toward the conduct of business. The priceless truth has been embedded in the hearts and actions of business men that honesty is after all the best policy, and that fair treatment of the public is the most abiding source of prosperity. Business is now animated more with the spirit of "live and let live," by the belief that sound success must be based on goods of excellent quality sold at a fair price, and by the recognition that its guiding principle should be "the public be served," and not "the public be damned."

A statement of the fundamental principles of business conduct, prepared several years ago by the Committee on Business Ethics of the Chamber of Com-

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merce of the United States, gave as the first principle: "The foundation of business is confidence which springs from integrity, fair dealing, efficient service and mutual benefit." All of these requisites may be classed as virtues in the code of morality. In the recent annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Washington, this same emphasis on high ethical standards is found in a declaration contained in a resolution then adopted:

> Stockholders cannot accept the profits following from corruption, and escape the moral stigma which adheres to such profits; neither can they permit those who act for them to profit personally through corrupt corporate transactions or to shield others who do.

Virtues possessing high rank in the scale of moral values are kindliness and justice. In what measure do kindliness and justice prevail in business, especially in the relations of employers to employees? It may be truthfully answered that business in general now is advancing human welfare through more human and just treatment of employees. Employees are less regarded as cogs in the great machine of industry; more as human beings whose good-will should be won, whose health, welfare and happiness should be promoted and conserved. The ways in which more humane and just treatment is given are many. One plainly is recognition of trade unions and of their services in bargaining concerning the rate of compensation paid in wages, the number of hours worked and the conditions as to sanitation and accident prevention to which employees are subjected.

The so-called Baltimore and Ohio plan, which has also been adopted by the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Canadian National railroads, is a plain example of a coöperative plan for realizing greater productivity and efficiency, superimposed on and supplementing the work of the railway labor unions. This plan provides for full and cordial recognition of the unions and their acceptance by the management as necessary, helpful and constructive. Under the plan, collective bargaining, instead of simply safeguarding wage rates and conditions of employment, and providing for the orderly adjustment of grievances, paves the way also for the employees and the management jointly to consider and dispose of matters within their respective provinces which affect the welfare of industry as a whole, as, for example, quality of service, elimination of waste, increased production and stabilization of employment. A primary objective is improved railroad service. This objective is the justification for the acceptance by the management, and indirectly by the public, of the services of the unions as a constructive factor.

Since the great world war, the development of shop unions as contrasted with the regular trade unions has been marked. In many large manufacturing plants, representatives elected by employees meet on equal footing with representatives chosen by the management, to discuss and determine questions of wages, of hours and of shop conditions.

The Employees' Representation plan of Armour and Company provides for employee representatives to be elected directly by the employees by secret ballot, and the management representatives to be appointed by the management; both at all times to have equal voice and voting power in the consideration of matters coming before them; the divisional committees having original jurisdiction in their respective division, namely, the beef division, pork division, production and mechanical division; the conference board having general jurisdiction over the plant as a whole and being the appeal body from the divisional committees; one employee representative on the board being elected by each 200 employees in the smaller plants, and one by each 300 employees in the larger plants. This board has agreed both to a wage decrease and later to a wage increase. The board furthermore approved of a plan which guaranteed the workers pay for forty hours weekly. The nature of the trade is such that regular hours every day are not possible. Overtime rates are then arranged, and the company finds it necessary to pay from $300,000 to $500,000 per year to employees to make good the guarantee for forty hours weekly time and to provide for overtime.

Notable progress has been also made in the direction of conciliation and arbitration, either preventing the waste and the distress that always accompany strikes, or else when strikes are actually under way, bringing the conflict to a more speedy and peaceable end, and laying for the future a foundation for wiser adjustments of industrial disputes.

Another way is greater care in accident prevention. In coal mines, rock dusting, especially by limestone dust, not only increases illumination by reflecting light, but it smothers the combustible, explosive coal dust on the surface of the coal veins, and so prevents mine disasters with their dreadful loss of life. Furthermore, compensation for industrial accidents is now primarily determined by state law.

Other ways are the increased use of pension systems, group insurance secured for employees by employers at their expense, the growth of mutual benefit associations often aided by corporation contributions and the gradual introduction, such as has been effected in certain clothing trades, of unemployment insurance, supported partly by contributions by employees, partly by contributions by employers. In the men's clothing industry in Chicago, unemployment insurance was organized on the basis of the allotment of 3 percent of wages to an unemployment insurance fund. It was significant that this allotment was made in connection with an agreement for a 10 percent increase in wages.

The homely virtue of prudence, which Emerson in his essays so magnified as displayed in care for the body, in the preservation of health and vigor, and in thrift, wise provision against future contingencies, is

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encouraged and made fruitful in individual lives by the action of wise and generous capitalistic managers.

Employers have done much for employees through the furnishing of dental, medical and surgical service, through cafeterias and the supply of milk, through the fostering of athletic leagues, through rest rooms and through provision of recreation. Good work has been fostered by bonuses and thrift has been developed through clubs for savings, and assistance to building loan associations. Sanitary appliances in factories and shops are furnished by employers to a degree that would not have been dreamed of years ago; in factory construction thought is given and methods perfected for securing better light and ventilation. Employees have been encouraged to purchase, on liberal terms, stocks of the corporations in which they are employed. Under what has been called the Mitten plan, instituted by Mr. T. E. Mitten in his management of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company properties, which provides for collective bargaining, for the adjustment through budgetary studies of the basic wages of employees to changes in the cost of living, and for the division among employees of one-half of the management fee of 4 percent of the gross revenues, employees have invested in the common stock of the company, until they now own more than one-third of the $30,000,000 common stock issue.

Business as now conducted calls for every quality of mind that is required for success in the learned professions, for brains, energy and imagination. Its ethical standards are higher. It demands a wider range of knowledge. It seeks for trained minds. It uses the resources of scientific knowledge. It is passing out of the region of haphazard endeavor and abounding opportunities easily grasped into a realm of order and accurate calculation and careful planning.

Business furthermore is not only transacted on a more ethical basis, and with the use of the resources which scientific knowledge has supplied in such ample measure; it is also more humane and helpful in purpose and effect. When rightfully conducted, it is a mighty agency in ameliorating the conditions under which working populations live, and in adding to their welfare and happiness.

Adjustment

The light is there, else shadows could not be.
The vale is but the twilight of a day
That closes silently on land and sea
And films my eyes. I can but feel my way.
But this I know: the darkness is not cold,
Nor is it filled with spectres to affright;
The shades are kindly that around me fold,
They shelter from the glare of light divine,
Adjusting my weak vision to the shine
Of glory on the hills above the night.
I will not fear the setting of the sun,
The twilight haze and healing dawn are one.

JOHN MCNAB.

THE NIETZSCHEAN NORDIC

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

AWHILE ago the columns of The Commonweal were opened to a short odious comparison of mine between a city of Latin America and what I loosely called a "Nordic" city. Since then a number of friends have, in defense of their traditions, spoken for the peoples from the northern climes, telling of quaintness and cleanliness and fireside cheer in Danish and Norwegian and Swedish cities; and to my implication that the Nordic segregated art from his life, taking it in museums and concert halls very studiously, rather than—as the Latin—in the ubiquitous central plaza with its bandstand and al fresco cafés, and in the cathedral where the pictorial arts are mediums of the intimate life of the soul, they advanced the counter claim of the German beer garden and the fact that the cathedral is not confined to any clime.

As regards the latter point, what I observe is that in southern countries the church seems to be far more a centre of everyday life than it is of a ritual observance confined to a particular time once a week, or even less often. As regards the beer garden, I remember only transplanted ones in my youth, but freely agree that they are joyous things. Those in Munich and Vienna must be conducive to the keenest ecstasies laicism can be capable of. The people who like beer gardens, as I call them to mind, are all such jolly, likable persons! Even Boston, with whatever circles she may have tending toward the ultimate sterilization of life, possessed one happy spot very like a beer garden in days gone by—the old "pop" concerts, the qualifying adjective applying to the music to distinguish it from the other music taken, oh so self-consciously and seriously. The drinks were beer and Rhenish wine, "for thy stomach's sake," and not more or less diluted chemicals.

Yes, those were nice things, in the days before majorities arrogated to themselves the idea that majority should mean unanimity. When I said "Nordic," I have grown to realize, I meant the type of person who talks about Nordics and their peculiar Nietzschean virtues. There are Nordics and Nordics; some of us, perhaps many, are like Chesterton's Secret People who hold that "beer is best," and whose resurgent refrain is "we have not spoken yet" (though it's high time some should, loudly!). What I specifically meant were the Frankenstein Anglo-Saxons and Germanics who, having created the factory with all its usual concomitants of the slums, dirt, ugliness, and debauched masses of human beings, seek the continuance of these things in statu quo, and their justification by post-facto science and the red-blooded, hundred-per-center assertion of the right of might. When I said Nordic, I meant that the northern countries seem to have a preponderance of the foregoing type. Exact racial definitions have been demonstrated by accredited scientists to be as vague as my description of a type.

In the December number of the North American Review a fascinating article, Why South Americans Fear Us, by L. L. Bernard, says (except for the parenthesis) of one Latin: "For more than two hours he talked, almost lectured to me about my country, which he had never visited. He assured me that the North Americans had no culture to speak of, that we were interested only in money, display, divorces and materialistic civilization (murder might have been added here if the speaker had judged by the weight of evidence of our daily news); that we were imperialistic to the core; and he intimated that in our present psychosis we were a menace to the world."

Here is certainly a recognizable picture, though like all

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generalizations it has, of course, its equally real, but not quantitatively equal, exceptions. The city which Duse called the ugliest in the world, and in which by a strange irony she died, Pittsburgh, which has its counterpart in Manchester, and in many German industrial centres, has nothing to equal it in the southern countries. No wonder that they suspect the culture of a people who complacently let such a thing be! Culture segregated in a few third-rate universities, as the art is segregated in the museums, is not enough, in all justice, to allay their fears.

Frankly, what culture have we to offer them? and by culture let us understand, not any Prussian construing of the term to mean physical and chemical science and book learning, but the basic sense of the word, richness of environment contributing to abundant life. The author of the article in the North American Review complains that "there is a constant interchange of leading scientists and literary men between Europe and South America. Every year men of international reputation like Glotz, the historian, Obermayer, the anthropologist, or Blondel, the psychologist, give courses in the universities of Buenos Aires and the other South American cities." Well, who are our scientists and literary men of international reputation, with the possible exception of Professor Robert Andrews Millikan? Could we send Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser or Sinclair Lewis with any degree of pride in having them represent our culture?

We send our bankers, our Lamonts, Morrows, Stimsons, and by proxy our Guggenheims, Firestones and Fords, and on a battleship our "good-will" envoy, and by air our fighting men whose job, in case of disagreement, is among other things to drop explosives that kill, in a particularly messy way, civilians and women and children. Let us not dwell on that tender and yet not tender subject, already much discussed, our marines. Although many of these business men and their collecting agents are no doubt cultivated individuals in their way, do they represent a civilization intent on higher matters than dollar diplomacy, or dollars without diplomacy even at the cost of blood?

Before any hundred-per-center by chance reading this loses his temper and begins calling me names, let me ask him one more question—outside of the automobile and its wayside shrine, the filling station, what contributions can we make? Honestly, what can we contribute to the enrichment of our southern neighbors' lives? Prohibition? Is it our mission to send them prohibition agents, W. C. T. U.'s, Willebrandts, the Ku Klux Klan, bootleggers and racketeers? And shall we fill the land with cozy bungalows, cheap shoes and factory clothing; on theories of racial superiority, crowd the Indian out of existence, instead of assimilating him; denude the land of forest and destroy almost to the point of extinction the bird and animal life; build commercial buildings that will dwarf their cathedrals into puny insignificance; replace the plaza with a "main street" of store windows and advertisements where that exciting cultus, so elevating of the "standard of living," shopping, may be indulged in to the musical clangor of street cars, klaxons, and the siren of the source of supply, the factory?

If I am accused of caviling, I can only answer that I believe it is time for violent irritation with many features growing upon our land. I wish no man any hurt; I wish all profit. My father's mother's great-grandfather came over on the Mayflower and all my blood is from Scotch and English sources. My allegiance is not "alien"; I served America in the field artillery in the late war. But I sincerely believe that before South America can stop fearing us, we shall, as a nation, have to show signs of wishing to learn from them how to live as they live, how to build our cities more beautifully, how to enjoy nature without rushing through it in a mechanical contrivance and dotting the landscape with gas pumps, how to value the things of the mind; and finally, though this may be expecting a little too much, I should like to see the soul given public recognition and its cultivation, or perfecting, encouraged and made beautiful. Then the word "Nordic" would not have the ugly significance that is inevitably given it today, nor would its manifestations be so generally and rightly, despised.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT SHALL THE CATHOLICS DO?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial in the issue of January 2, What Shall the Catholics Do?, will call out many suggestions. One of them attempted below is inspired by your statement in these words: "It is obvious that the influence of an institution or an idea is equivalent to the amount of good-will which it can create." The institution of the Church ought easily to create good-will among its own members. Its idea of Christianity ought to fascinate its own children. In truth if it does not succeed in such an achievement, the expedient of developing sound "Catholic apologetic" for non-Catholics, as you suggest, would seem to be but another provocative of harm to good-will among those who really count—namely, the Catholics themselves.

What Catholics "ought to do" is to discover what more our clergymen might do to increase the ardor of affection of Catholic people for their own Church. We are beset by that baneful mist called "prosperity." Some think the Church must surround itself with evidence of that prosperity and build great temples of worship.

The obvious effect of this tendency is to create a generation of harrowed pastors whose energies are devoted to money-grubbing. You are right in pointing out that non-Catholic good-will for the Church is accumulating partially out of the delightful notion that "the parish priest—the 'padre' or the 'father'—wears the aura of virtuous romance."

But we who come in practical contact with our beloved pastor know of his virtues, but also know there is little of romance in his heart. For he must build and dig, and cajole and threaten, and ultimately die of unromantic exhaustion. So there is a need to develop good-will among Catholics for their pastors and their assistant priests and hence for the Church itself—for it cannot stop building.

From the beginning the leadership in such good-will movements has been, and always must be, by the pastor himself. If he has lost the knack of such leadership, then the congregation will remain stolid and stupid—then indeed the effort of the "padre" will crush the romance of his own heart. These men know that congregations are leaving the church every Sunday in an unresponsive mood. They have come to pray, and leave with the sense of being scorned. The financial needs of the parish sometimes destroy the pastor's spiritual desire to greet the faithful as children of God.

Many laymen seem to be conscious of a feeling that good-will among men for religion is on the wane. Among non-Catholics this notion is ascribed to the pulpit. The religion that is not dependent upon the pulpit is generally thought not to be in such a bad way. But wherever a pulpit is used such

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feeling is there in the making. What is happening around the Catholic pulpit?

There are thousands of young priests who have a chance every Sunday to preach little sermons at the children's Mass. These young men have a greater present chance than will ever come again in their mature lives—the chance to sow in the hearts of the little ones the seed of good-will for the Church and its glories that will produce fruit forever. How are these young men being encouraged? Do the teachers in their seminaries follow them up and help them on in a career of being great preachers to little people?

What "Catholics ought to do" is to do something to develop good-will among themselves for their own Church. I for one would be glad to contribute to a fund to be administered by The Commonweal from which prizes would be awarded at regular intervals for the best sermon for little children actually delivered in some Catholic church in the archdiocese. The Sacred Book is filled with such sermons. They were "preached" every time the Master had children before Him, and they were understood by them because they were of infinite beauty and kindliness.

Many a Catholic goes to the children's Mass in order that he may hear just such a sermon. He knows that a priest who can reach the hearts of children can best reach his own heart. And he likewise knows that a priest who cannot reach the hearts of little ones can reach no one's heart. If we can develop the good-will of children toward the Catholic Church, then all others' kindly dispositions will be added unto it. If such good-will were universal, temples and schools would be built by a generous and coöperating flock ready to follow its kindly shepherd into whatever field he would take them.

PETER O'HARA.

A NEW SCHOOL OF CHRISTIAN ARTS

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—When a man sets out to prove a thesis there should be no juggling of facts for the mere sake of the proof. Dr. Cram's dream of a school of Christian arts is so worded as to seem to be a revelation and the layman may well wonder why such a scheme was not broached before. Such an idea, of course, is not a new one and we may date a revival in interest in the liturgy and in Christian art in general from the days of Dom Guéranger and De Rossi.

I have read Dr. Cram's article, which appeared in The Commonweal of December 19, several times, and I cannot escape the feeling that its author is interested in this proposed school chiefly because it could be located in an Augustinian monastery under the shadow of the cathedral of Rouen. Would Dr. Cram's enthusiasm be stirred to such a pitch were I to suggest building such a new school as he outlines, in a western town in this country, or even here in Boston? And that is the point I wish to make. Is it necessary or just always to identify the study of Christian art and its development today, with mere copying of the works of the middle-ages? Dr. Cram would have us be more catholic than the Church. All styles have flourished under her aegis and I have yet to hear of any pontifical denunciation of what is termed "modern" art.

While advocating the fitting-up of this romantic building, Dr. Cram calmly ignores the work going on in France at the present time. He complacently surveys the progress of some of the crafts in this country—in a Gothic sense, I presume—and assures us that "there is good ground for self-congratulation, especially if one regards other countries, particularly France." But really, should the Ateliers d'Art Sacré, under the direction of M. Maurice Denis and M. Georges Desvallières, be treated as if non-existent? These ateliers have been doing excellent work and are being recognized as of great value by the French episcopate. I have before me, as I write, over one hundred numbers of the magazine La Vie et les Arts Liturgiques, and even a casual perusal of these has revealed to me a wealth of information of the kind that might possibly be taught in Dr. Cram's dream at Rouen. And since France is taken to task for never having "had the faintest conception of the nature of any of the arts in their Christian aspect since the time of Francis I" (a typically sweeping statement, by the way) I take it that Dr. Cram does not know of the work of Maurice Denis, Georges Desvallières, Henri Charlier, Roger de Villiers and a host of others. Or, if Dr. Cram does know their work, has he the right to hold that they have not the faintest conception of the nature of any of the arts in their Christian aspect? By what authority, pray? These artists are doing exactly what the old craftsmen would do were they living today. In this connection, I remember reading a preface by Father Rickaby, S. J., to his translation of the Summa Contra Gentiles in which he remarks:

"There are two ways of behaving toward Saint Thomas's writings, analogous to two several treatments of a church still standing, in which the saint might have worshiped. One way is to hand the edifice over to some society for the preservation of ancient monuments; they will keep it locked to the vulgar, while admitting some occasional connoisseur; they will do their utmost to preserve every stone identically the same that the mediaeval builder laid. And the Opera Omnia of Saint Thomas, handsomely bound, may fill a library shelf, whence a volume is occasionally taken down for the sole purpose of knowing what Saint Thomas said, and no more. Another thirteenth-century church may stand, a parish church still in daily use; an ancient monument and something besides; a present-day house of prayer, meeting the needs of a twentieth-century congregation; and for that purpose refitted, repainted, restored, repaired and modernized; having had that done to it which its mediaeval architects would have done, had they lived in our time." The simile needs no commentary.

Some mention might also be made of the work done by the monks at Solesmes; of the literary, liturgical and artistic value of magazines edited by the Benedictines of France, England and Belgium and last, but not least, of Orate Fratres—an excellent liturgical magazine published by the Benedictines of Saint John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota.

Dr. Cram's impatience is that of the antiquarian toward the man who wishes, and rightly so, to use his creative faculties to the fullest extent rather than to be stunted at the outset by a sentimental adherence to supposedly mediaeval standards. Between the iconoclastic tendencies of Dr. Coulton and this sentimentalism of Dr. Cram, there is room for a rational admiration of old work coupled with a logical realization and acceptance of modern productions.

And so, while admitting that a school of Christian arts would be an excellent thing, we might assume that those who have already prepared the way in France be consulted, rather than to place such reliance on the Duc de Trévise, who is chiefly interested in the preservation of old monuments, and the municipal authorities of Rouen. Dr. Cram could satisfy his innermost cravings by sponsoring such a school of Christian arts in this country.

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

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DIFFERING PRINCIPLES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Though in your issue of January 2, 1929, you announce the After the Election topic closed, yet under that caption a question of such far-reaching significance is brought forward by a non-Catholic with the weight of inference so wholly in favor of Protestants that it seems unwise to let it go without challenge. "Why," your correspondent asks, "cannot Catholics and Protestants differ in religion as do Methodists and Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and at the same time live peacefully with one another as these groups do?"

The answer is plain enough to those who understand that the Catholic Church is built upon dogma, which stands like adamant, regarding the whole question of the nature of sin and consequently of the meaning of the atonement, while Protestantism glories in the fact that it has thrown off the shackles of authority in these matters and reposes wholly upon the principle of private judgment. It is not therefore a question of "right spirit" on either side when the two opposing attitudes clash, but of two principles that must of necessity be eternally at issue. No such conflict exists in the fundamental attitude of the different Protestant sects any more than it exists in that of the different religious orders of the Catholic Church; in the one case, as in the other, external differences need not arouse antagonism; differences of opinion, of habit, of purpose or of rule are easily passed over; not so fundamental difference of principle. By the exercise of Christian charity, Catholics and Protestants may continue to live peacably together, but fundamentally the difference will eternally remain. Catholics, indeed, may love with all the intensity of their beings Protestant friends either collectively or as individuals, but exactly in proportion to that love must the desire be to see their separated brethren brought under the teaching of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church in which for two thousand years there has been, as to fundamentals, neither "variableness nor shadow of turning."

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

THE CATHOLIC BOYS BRIGADE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Among the thousands of your readers in greater New York are surely some men who would be delighted to enter the lay apostolate in one of its most important fields.

The Catholic Boys Brigade has been for several years greatly handicapped in its expansion for the lack of volunteer leaders. These leaders are men who make work with certain groups of boys their hobby and find therein a source of mental and physical recreation. They receive the required training in our officers' school conducted throughout the year, and practical assistance as long as needed. Any lively man over twenty who is interested in boys will soon qualify if he loves sport, athletics, games and outdoor life. Some men are needed for inspectors and committee members. Those who received a higher education or held commissions in the army will find the work very interesting and will shortly become efficient. One or two evenings a week are all that is required.

Perhaps some of your readers might be interested enough to communicate with me.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O. M. CAP.,
Chief Commissioner,
Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Street Scene

ELMER RICE, the author of The Adding Machine, has brought into the anaemic and languishing theatre of this season a play of extraordinary sweep, power and intensity, which catches up with amazing simplicity and sincere feeling the ragged, glowing, humorous and tragic life that pours in and out of one of those brown-stone apartment houses hovering on the upper edge of the slum district of New York. It has its brutal moments and its coarse ones. But they are never brutal or coarse from the sophisticated viewpoint so many authors assume today, and behind every incident and every character you feel the pity and the understanding of a playwright who has glimpsed a great truth—that no matter what may be the pressure of one's environment, the only true power to meet the life of today must come from within the individual.

The gripping illusion of Street Scene quite beggars verbal description. You cannot convey through words alone what the theatre, at its best, conveys by sound, color, motion and a subtly sustained mood. Nevertheless, a brief outline of what happens is necessary to an understanding of Mr. Rice's real achievement. The curtain rises and shows us the front of an old-fashioned brown-stone apartment house set in the lamplit gloom of a hot summer evening. Abraham Kaplan is sitting in his shirt sleeves by the open window of the ground floor apartment. The German wife of an Italian music teacher is trying to catch a breath of air from the opposite window. People are passing and repassing, bedraggled, heat-tortured persons. A boy comes along the sidewalk on roller skates and calls to his mother for an extra dime for ice cream cones. The neighbors discuss the weather and the heat. Slowly you begin to learn who the various people are that inhabit this grim building—the burned-out, slatternly widow, the Jewish radical, the Italian musician, the burly stage hand and his wife and children on the second floor, the woman on the third floor about to have her first baby. And so it goes, in a slowly weaving pattern, intensely human, never overdrawn and never failing, in depicting a type, to add to that type, a touch of individual characterization. As the various inhabitants of the house seek air on the street you begin to sense the possibility of drama in their lives. Mrs. Maurrant, the stage hand's wife on the second floor, has become pretty well exhausted in the struggle to get a kind word from her burly husband. Her son, Willy (the boy on roller skates) is getting definitely out of hand. Her daughter, Rose, clerk in a real estate office, threatens to become involved with a married man who wants to put her on the stage. The neighbors have seen Mrs. Maurrant talking rather too often to the bill collector from the milk company. Is she playing with fire? Frank Maurrant is growing suspicious—his wife is growing reckless. But when the Buchanan baby arrives on the third floor, it is Mrs. Maurrant who spends the night with the mother and takes charge of the situation. Another family in the building is about to be dispossessed. Life is becoming very real and complex in this gathering place of humanity. The Italian music teacher is proud of Columbus. The Scandinavian janitor languidly insists that Lief Ericson discovered America. Rose Maurrant comes home late after dining and dancing with her office manager. Her father drives her to bed.

The next morning Frank Maurrant is going to Hartford for the try-out performance of a play. The bill collector

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drops by. The children go to school. Abraham Kaplan goes off to write his everlasting articles on the economic revolution. His daughter departs to teach school. His son, Samuel, begs Rose Maurrant to marry him and go off somewhere and get out of it all. Rose leaves to attend the funeral of her boss. Mrs. Maurrant lets the bill collector come to her apartment. Frank Maurrant, much the worse for drink, comes back. The brown stone beehive suddenly comes to life. Frank Maurrant rushes upstairs, shots are fired, a moment later the frantic crazed body of the milk collector crashes through the second-floor window calling for help. He is dragged back in the room. Police. Ambulance. Crowds. Frank Maurrant escapes. Tragedy in the midst of the commonplace. And, as one of the women remarks, "It all goes to show that you never know when you get up in the morning what the day holds." Rose Maurrant comes back in time to see the dying form of her mother being carried to the ambulance. And during all this, the sheriff and his men proceed with the business of dispossessing the Hildebrand family and dumping their furniture on the sidewalk. Life goes on.

There is a third act the same afternoon. But you can hardly call it an act when it is merely the continuing, surging drama of frightened, awestruck people who somehow keep right on about their ways in the very shadow of death. Frank Maurrant is finally captured. He has a last word with his daughter. He must have been clean out of his head, he tells her. He is not sorry for himself but the pleading eyes of his dead wife hover before him. In various ways the neighbors help Rose Maurrant. Tragedy has matured her suddenly. Even her office manager becomes a sincere friend for the moment, seeking nothing but the chance to help. Sam Kaplan tells her of his love. He wants her to belong to him so that he can protect her. But she feels somehow that everything that has happened is due to the fact that everyone has tried too hard to "belong" to someone else. The world can't be met by trying to attach yourself to outside things. You must find your strength and peace first from within. Perhaps someday, a little later, she and Sam—? But there you are. Rose goes off. A couple come looking for a vacant apartment. Life in the brown-stone will go on being what it has always been.

It is perhaps hard to believe that from incidents as varied and scattered as these, Mr. Rice could create an enthrallingly vivid sense of reality, poigancy, cowardice, despair and courage. But he has succeeded in an overflowing measure. It is, if you like to label things, an intensely realistic play. No detail is omitted in the production which might lend photographic realism—even to the loose rubber heel of the Scandinavian janitor. Yet I think anyone who sits through this play will realize that Mr. Rice has only used realism as a means to an end. He is telling a universal story of a city. The same kind of things, differing only in degree, might happen (from the newspapers we know they do happen) in the wealthiest or in the lowliest quarters of the city. Behind a marble front, they would happen with a less merciless exposure. That is the only difference. When all is said and done, Mr. Rice's highest achievement is in painting this vivid panorama without creating a sense of despair. Human being are to be pitied for what they bring on themselves, but they are not mere automatons crushed under the giant footsteps of environment. Once more we come back to that brief illuminated moment when Rose Maurrant says that the force to meet life must come from within. Suffering—yes. Despair—no. Life is pretty much what we make it and the fault lies in ourselves if we make a poor job of it. In spite of the brutal frankness of a few scenes, I cannot help the feeling that the undertone of this play is honest and true. It comes vastly nearer being "a great American play" than the much vaunted Strange Interlude, or in fact any of those plays of recent years which seek to explain life from the mud flats of pessimism.

The author directed the action of this play himself, and, to my mind, has displayed something approaching genius in the handling of the huge cast. The casting and acting approach perfection. Whether you take Leo Bulgakov as the old radical, Beulah Bondi as the burnt-out widow, Mary Servoss as the bewildered and exhausted Anna Maurrant, Horace Braham as the almost tragic Sam Kaplan, or Erin O'Brien-Moore in her exquisitely sensitive portrait of Rose Maurrant, you can find only words of the highest praise. And the same holds true for even the smallest parts. The enthusiastic response of the audience is one of the best indications I have seen that the public automatically welcomes honesty and sincerity on the stage when it is coupled with masterly achievement. (At the Playhouse.)

S. S. Glencairn

AT THE historic little Provincetown Playhouse, they are putting on a revival of Eugene O'Neill's four episodes of the sea grouped under the title of S. S. Glencairn. The assembled cast is a very competent one so that very little, if any, of the magic of these episodes has been lost. In many ways, it seems to me that these earlier plays represent the very best of O'Neill's work. They have at least the stirring vitality springing from immediate and recent contact with the situations they depict. In his later work, O'Neill has seemed more and more inclined to withdraw into the philosopher's closet and there to spin out drama coming rather from his own subconscious impulses than from the world of real human beings. One result of this altered method of workmanship has been a certain underlying self-consciousness both in subject-matter and in technique. The use of masks in The Great God Brown, for example, and of the lengthy asides in Strange Interlude, indicate a frame of mind vastly different from that in which he wrote the sea episodes. In trying to become a dramatist of ideas rather than of life itself, O'Neill has lost almost as much as he has gained. Those who want to feel again the first raw power of this poet-dramatist can find it in abundance in this production of S. S. Glencairn. (At the Provincetown Playhouse.)

Cyrano de Bergerac

WALTER HAMPDEN has once more revived Cyrano. This is bound to be an occasion of delight to his many devoted followers and particularly to that group which maintains so stoutly that Cyrano is altogether his best part. Since the successful run of Caponsacchi, however, the debate has run furiously as between the two rôles. My own feelings incline toward Cyrano. In this part, I think, Mr. Hampden forgets himself more completely and acts with more sheer exuberance than in anything else he has undertaken for the last few years. It never ceases with him to be a labor of real love in which Hampden, the scholar, gives way completely to Hampden, the dreamer and enthusiast. Beneath the mask of that enormous nose, Mr. Hampden seems to feel freer to express himself, and his work attains precisely that glamour for which we look in vain in most of his other parts. No matter what the general success of his season may be, he should never let a year go by without at least a few weeks as the white-plumed warrior of the soul. (At Hampden's Theatre.)

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POEMS

Within Ear-Shot

There is no use in troubling her again
With love or worry, memory or with pain.
That part of her is dead no resurrection knows.
(Her heart was always half a nun, we said.) She
watches where the rose
Petals the wall with shadows of pink light,
Or sleepless, hears the bell of glass
That beauty strikes, sound softly through the night.
She hears, who has no thought of death,
The far drums of eternity,
Beating along her breath.

In ones and twos the still hours pass
On sandaled feet. She hears them go.
At dawn she finds their footprints in the grass
Which runs in silver tremors, singing low.
She has no thought now, but to watch the grass.

Somewhere there is a guarded land and near,
Where softly, under Christ's white hand,
Slow thoughts wind upward to a chapeled hill.
She has not found that land, I think, though still
She hears its steeples chiming when the air is clear,
And knows the stars their given watches keep
When all our eyes are plastered with thick sleep.

MARGERY MANSFIELD.

Edges

Smoke has a white edge curling upward.
Foam has a white edge in the sea,
Pain has a white edge thrusting inward
Piercingly.

There is a beauty in sharp edges,
There is a dulness in some pain,
Rather for me the edged white thirsting
Come again.

Rather for me the sharp white hunger
Probling and probing silently,
Than the slow ache of your returning,
Rather for me.

ELIZABETH H. HONNESS.

The Granite Woman

The hour she enters hush your lovely song.
She has no road for velvet-slippered feet;
Her mind that bore earth's agony so long
Would crumble underneath a load so sweet.

Her heart that shut its doors on love's wide calling,
That was as granite where the storms begin,
Would break beneath the weight of petals falling
Out of the music of this violin.

JESSICA POWERS.

Change

Dissolving in the chemic vat
Of time, man (gristle and fat)
Corrupting on a rock in space
That crumbles, lifts his impermanent face
To watch the stars, his brain locked tight
Against the tall revolving night.
Yet is he neither here nor there
Because the mind moves everywhere;
And he is neither now nor then
Because tomorrow comes again
Foreshadowed, and the ragged wing
Of yesterday's remembering
Cuts sharply the immediate moon;
Nor is he always: late and soon
Becoming, never being, till
Becoming is a being still.

Here, Now, and Always, man would be
Inviolate eternally:
This is his spirit's trinity.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ.

New Zealand Art

We are the wheat self-sown
Beyond the hem of the paddock,
Banned by wind from the furrows,
Lonely of root and head,
Watching the brows of our kith,
Like exiled kings at a crowning,
Mourning through harvest moons
Our hope of holy bread.

We are the wistful woman
Who sees another unswaddle
The bloom of a small ripe body
When windows blaze in the west,
Mourning the waste of her womb,
Like barren queens at a chrism,
Praying for life to seed,
And a hand to hurt her breast.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

Slattern

She leaves the luncheon dishes set,
Dreams in the parlor room,
She does not dare again forget
To clean it, gets the broom.
She sweeps some dirt beneath the chair,
Leaves other on the floor,
Pins back a straggling lock of hair,
Goes answering the door.
Were it a prince with yellow hair
She'd smile entrancingly,
Show him to the parlor chair,
And wash one cup for tea.

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN.

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BOOKS

Memoirs in Costume

Memories of a Sculptor's Wife, by Mrs. Daniel Chester French. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THIS volume is described as "sparkling reminiscences by a noted sculptor's wife who has numbered among her friends many of the most brilliant men and women of the last fifty years." Being naturally credulous, I expected to find brilliancy and sparkle; and it took some time to stop expecting what I did not find, and settle down to appreciate these memories, which have a flavor very much their own and quite delightful. And then I easily became aware of following the course of a still river—of the Housatonic, flowing through well-kept country of the Berkshire hills, winding amid Sheffield meadows, giving back with an accurate reflection the pleasant scenes by which its waters passed. I do not remember ever to have seen that river sparkle: it flows evenly, doubling the cloud and sunshine, the well-wooded hills, fat cows, and willow clumps. Even its "rapids" seem most innocent of menace to canoeists, and the only thing one need do is avoid the snags.

Mrs. French has avoided them completely. She is gifted with exceptional powers of visual memory, shown by the clear detail of costumes worn by the majority of personages whom she introduces in her pages, as well as by herself in viewing them. Such detail starts in her first babyhood recollection of a wedding, when her dress was "very full as to skirt, billowing out over stiff pantalettes. From the waist to the lower edge were groups of tiny tucks, and around this edge were small beads, that glittered and sparkled like the jewels in a fairy crown."

The second, and by far the most dramatic, reminiscence in the book is of her seeing the murdered Lincoln lie in state for multitudes to view, following the keen excitement of his assassination, made vivid touching her own family's life. Here again she wore "pantalettes and a broad-brimmed hat." Her characters are throughout costumed with similar fidelity; and I think this is the reason why her memories take me back to the reflecting Housatonic's winding way.

Her life has been starred thickly with friendships of both men and women, distinguished in variety of occupation and renown. But here, again, it is not brilliancy that strikes one as their attribute. Rather it is the sweetness, the simplicity, the unassuming fellowship of these celebrities, who do not speak or act as such at all, but seem exactly like the people one meets every day. In all the book there is no note of trouble, not a caustic speech. It is pleasant to believe the soldiers, statesmen, writers, artists, who for the last half-century have represented the élite of these United States were no more formidable than their gracious hostess found them.

MARGARET KENDALL.

Racial Dumb-Shows

Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards: An Essay in Comparative Psychology, by Salvador de Mandariaga. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75.

ONCE Señor Mandariaga gets through fumbling in his Foreword and Introduction with a specially invented and amateurish psychology of English, French, and Spanish national character, he engages readers of his book with a brilliant tour de force in literary psychology. His book is not An Essay in Comparative Psychology. Rather is it an essay in the psychology of peoples; yet not according to the scientific method which distinguishes Le Bon's work in this field, nor according to the empirical socio-political survey which Erich Voeglein employs in Über die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes. Señor Mandariaga's matter is derived from mere observation, not research; his method is that which Santayana signalized in a special sense as "literary psychology," which, working on a basis of observation, sensibility and imagination, results at best, if presented with engaging style, in plausible opinion and diverting reading. This, of course, is a "hit and run" method; and it just happens that Señor Mandariaga does incisively and truly hit off the true-born Englishman, Frenchman, and Spaniard. Moreover, to his credit, he escapes perpetuating the superficial inductions by which Matthew Arnold in his Study of Celtic Literature summarized the racial differentiae, temperamentally considered, of the Latin and the Teuton—inductions to which William James gave quasi-scientific plausibility by remarking them as fundamental fact in his treatise on psychology.

But no modern psychologist will follow Señor Mandariaga when he invents, as he certainly does, trifoliate formulae to describe national characteristics—"action" as the key to the English national character; "thought" as the key to the French national character; and "passion" as the key to the Spanish national character; and, next, after the manner of Plato in the Republic, schematizes, again in triads, narrower psychological correspondences, namely, action as expressive of will in the Englishman, thought as expressive of intellect in the Frenchman, and passion as expressive of soul in the Spaniard. When he gets right into lively national portrait-making, using the method of literary psychology, he writes brilliantly and engagingly—if unconvincingly. And surely, philosophically considered, the conclusion of the whole book affords us no new and genuine insight into national and international psychology that might help all nations toward better understanding and the extension of amity. His conclusion is that the diversities in national character are God's creations, and that, since "the ideal of a world-regulated community is but a mirage," the reducing of the three types to one would "impoverish the world." Do other types not count—the Teutons and the Gaels? Or are they intentionally and signally honored in the breach of no mention?

J. D. LOGAN.

What Is Suicide?

The Suicide Problem in the United States, by Adolph Dominic Frenay, O.P. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

THE nervous pace at which American life is lived may certainly be one of the principal contributing causes for the undue proportion of suicides in this country. The practice of self-destruction is so general today that those who have their fingers on our social pulse are becoming alarmed by this symptom of disorder somewhere. Its prevalence represents a real problem to all who would in any way guide the destiny of our people. The present volume is a contribution toward the solution of this problem. While it cannot be said that this work, showing so much painstaking research and careful correlation and analysis of the evidence, offers in itself a solution to that problem, it is nevertheless a step in the right direction, for it assembles the data in a most thorough and illuminating manner; and to have complete data always goes a long way toward aiding the diagnosis and selecting the remedy.

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Dr. Frenay, with much labor and in accordance with scientific methods, compiled the statistics on the subject. He compares the suicide rate with the general death rate of the country, gives a short history of the suicide rate and then makes an international comparison. His statistics are not mere numbers giving the sum total of those who elect to end their own lives, but are a detailed study into the means used and statistics of the various means; the biological and social aspects of the problem; the occupational and economic aspects; the physiological and racial comparisons as well as the influence of sex distribution; and he completes the survey with a study of the restraining power of different religions.

Apparently no notice was taken of that epidemic of student suicides that swept the country a few years ago. The author may not have thought this necessary, however, since he already included their statistics in the comparison of suicides and different age periods.

While he only occasionally comments on the results of his work, his remarks are, nevertheless, exceedingly judicious and stimulating. Thus it may be hoped that, since he has so completely mastered the facts, it will not be long before he takes up the further work of devising ways and means to rid society of this morbid phenomenon. Certainly this little volume indicates that he is eminently qualified for the task.

The Problem of Suicide in the United States will be welcomed by all students of sociology, and they will find in it much matter for thoughtful and even urgent consideration. Likewise this book should be recommended to all who are interested in our national welfare. Medical men, lawyers, educators and the clergy will find in this small volume an abundance of material for discussion as well as for actual use on the lecture platform, etc.

WILLIAM D. BRUCKMANN.

Join the Navy!

Yarns of a Kentucky Admiral, by Hugh Rodman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

GRADUATED from Annapolis in the 'seventies, Hugh Rodman began his naval career in sailing vessels, took part in the Spanish-American War, commanded gunboats in Chinese waters, served in south seas, in Alaska, at Panama and, as rear admiral, commanded the American battleships which served under Sir David Beatty in the British Grand Fleet during the world war. When such a man retires and publishes his memoirs it is but natural to expect many significant revelations about men and events of the last half-century, and some decided opinions and facts concerning present naval commanders, yards and policies. Admiral Rodman, with more than three hundred pages at his disposal, avoids serious subjects and appears as an entertaining host, nothing more.

He does sandwich in, between yarns about his dog in Frankfort and a mermaid in Valparaiso, nine pages defending Annapolis and attacking, without mentioning names, certain swivel-chair naval authorities; he admits that the present system of promotion can profitably be given "deep study"; he advocates a large navy; and there naval problems end. But if the admiral's book is not history, it is at least a reservoir of material for enlistment posters and over-coffee stories. Historians and naval students will find nothing of value here, but sportsmen will enjoy them; and they probably will lead young would-be adventurers to "sign for a hitch."

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

Briefer Mention

L'Umbria ed il Suo Santo, by Carlo Bandini. Bologna: N. Zanichelli Editore. Lire 35.

ITALIAN writers and publishers have combined to honor the Franciscan centenary in a fitting manner, so that the number of new volumes is rather large. Among them all we know of nothing superior to Signor Bandini's beautiful book. Illustrated as it is with numerous remarkable illustrations, reproductions for the most part of paintings in the Franciscan style, it will appeal to the lover of art. The text begins with a view of the commemorative observances of the past year, proceeds to outline the life of the saint and the conditions under which it passed, goes on to give a succinct account of the work of the Franciscan order, with particular reference to art and poetry, and ends with pertinent descriptions of the places identified with the career of the poverello and his companions. An appendix gives a chronological résumé of the major events in the saint's life. It is, therefore, a remarkably comprehensive and serviceable book, which we recommend especially to all who have visited the Franciscan shrines, or who contemplate doing so in the future. A fairly careful examination reveals nothing to which exception could fairly be taken, and much which is genuinely beautiful and instructive. One notices that the work is dedicated to Mussolini and prefaced with a passage from Dante—which is the genuinely modern Italian fashion.

Degas, by Ambrose Vollard. New York: Greenberg, Incorporated. $3.00.

MR. RANDOLPH T. WEAVER presents a spirited translation of Vollard's reminiscences of Degas, whose painting is said by the best authorities to have been superior to his temper. During the course of a multitude of anecdotes, some of them good and others relatively trivial, Vollard manages to modify this popular legend. One of the best, it seems, concerns the painter's venerable and faithful housekeeper, Zoë by name. Informed that her master expected company for dinner one evening, she bluntly informed him that he would have to hunt up a restaurant "because she didn't want him around." Upon hearing that her reason was busyness in making jam, he politely assented. It appears that he was extremely fond of her marmalade. Anybody who cares for an "intimate portrait" of a curious old fellow like Degas will enjoy the book. A great number of the artist's best known paintings are reproduced in full-page illustrations.

An Avatar in Vishnu Land, by Stanley Warburton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

MR. WARBURTON is the lit'ry brother of Trader Horn, and, as such, joint heir to the honors of the late Rider Haggard. We do not mean that he is indebted to either, since it is to Browning that he looks for his title. But the materials which appeal both to the Old Visitor of Johannesburg and the author of She as legitimate source of copy for romance are irresistible, likewise, to Mr. Warburton. His book pretends to be based on actual experiences, and certainly it is crammed in places with a wealth of convincing detail. It has local and other kinds of color, and since the scene is the little-known and seldom described northwest coast of India, it is not likely that any occidental reader will find himself wearying of the situation.

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The Ballad of Reading Gaol, by Oscar Wilde. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

THE virility of the Reading Gaol ballad is a constant marvel, even for those who profess to believe that it is nothing more than excessive sensibility crying aloud. Here are appalling stanzas challenging the world's comfort; and it seems impossible they should not some time win respite for the most reprobate of criminals, the thought of torturing whom can be pleasant to no man. Mr. John Vassos, a young Greek artist with exceptional talent for black-and-white illustrating, has now supplied symbolic conceptions of the text. They are very much more than simply interesting. They use, with a kind of indefinable magic, the exterior appearance of the prison—bleak walls, masses of masonry—in order to shadow forth the tragedies that occur within, so that the dreadful vistas of the condemned are nearly visible to the eye, though shaded with the mysterious twilight which is continually sinking upon all human things. Mr. Vassos uses form as his chief recourse, one or two attempts with facial expression not being either notably happy or wholly individual. The figures and eerie parabolas of his art are just remote enough from expressionism to remain intelligible. He succeeds remarkably well in conveying a sense of distance—distance which separates the victim from the colors of life, or from the quick release that follows after death. These pictures are not horrible, as Goya's, for instance, are, but they bring one face to face with the poignancy of anguish. Accordingly they justify the author's belief that he was right in spending much time in prisons before beginning the task. No injustice is done the unfortunate, and perhaps humanity will learn something of a truer justice from this book.

The Archbishop's Pocketbook, by Herman J. Heuser. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THIS collection of sketches of clerical life, reprinted from the Ecclesiastical Review, will furnish the clergy and others with entertainment and instruction. They are written in the characteristic style of the founder and former editor, who, we are glad to know, is active in his retirement, and is providing a new series of these sketches which starts in the current issue. Dr. Heuser gives his readers the advantage of his long years of experience in educational and journalistic work. He writes attractively without much regard for sequence or unity. His hero, Tom Burns, is an amusing personage. In his character as a sort of general utility man and valet to the archbishop he has access to the famous pocketbook in which His Grace seems to have kept almost everything except his wearing apparel. There is a whimsical piquancy to the book which is quite distinctive.

Music, by Ursula Creighton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

TO THOSE in need of introductions to various forms of culture, the Simple Guide Series should prove very welcome. One of the best of these books is Miss Creighton's Music, which combines history with interpretation so that the first is constantly used to interpret the second. The contribution of each master to the art is discussed in fluent, easily understandable diction, and dozens of good anecdotes keep up interest in the subject. Miss Creighton is, however, not satisfactory as an exponent of modern harmony. One misses several important names, and the treatment is too meagre.

The French Poets of the Twentieth Century: An Anthology, edited by L. E. Kastner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.25.

MISS AMY LOWELL made the last satisfactory attempt to evaluate contemporary French verse for readers of English. She was, however, too decided in her tastes to be a good anthologist. Indeed, few people probably are good collectors, for the simple reason that the most unattainable of virtues is impartiality. One cannot assert that Dr. Kastner has achieved perfection; but his book is uncommonly good, both because it testifies to a comprehensive knowledge of the field and because the selections it offers are uniformly interesting. The range extends from Charles Guerin and Auguste Angellier on the one hand, to the neighborhood of the more violently revolutionary among the newer poets. These last are excluded, however, for reasons which the author enumerates in an erudite preface. Quarreling about omissions is useless, although almost every reader who has been at some pains to follow contemporary French verse will ask questions. Dr. Kastner's purpose was, it seems, to illustrate the "main currents of the French lyric during the course of the present century." If there be an echo of the academician in his statement, one is consoled by the absence of hectic enthusiasms. It should be added that the author sometimes loses patience in commenting upon Catholic writers, as when he refers to Claudel's "tiresome hieratic attitude," and characterizes Guerin's conversion in undiscerning terms.

La Corse Inconnue, by Lorenzi de Bradi. Paris: Payot. 18 francs.

A DISTINGUISHED son of Corsica, Lorenzi de Bradi, author of memorable books on the ancient art of his island, Colomba the literary heroine, and its historical glory, Napoleon Bonaparte, returns affectionately to his homeland with a volume of history, legend and social and political aperçus, valuable as the revelations of one intimate with the elusive types of his own country. What Grazia Deledda has attempted to do for her island of Sardinia, Lorenzi de Bradi would do for his mountainous home. The lands of the Bonaparte's; of Prosper Merimée's Colomba, of the patriot Paoli, of the town of Calvi that claims to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, of Montemaggiore, the ancient home of the Lecas who gave to Spain the figure of Don Juan, this land of ancient myths and extraordinary beauty feels the pressure of modern years in the departure of its youth for foreign shores and the loneliness of the old people left behind. The strength of Corsica today rests in the devotion of its exiled sons and daughters, for whom it remains an altar set amid the clashing seas of modern times.

Shipmates, by Felix Riesenberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. FELIX RIESENBERG, who achieved some fame for his novel of New York, East Side, West Side, has also written two volumes of sketches of sea life, and now the third appears. They are pleasant bits of reminiscence, to which one would listen gratefully on a dock or boat, or in a saloon. But they are so fragile, so truly unimportant, that they fall to pieces on a printed page. They have less general and less permanent interest than a newspaper columnist's daily stint. And one could weep bitter tears, for these graceful nothings are printed and bound in a format worthy of great literature.

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A DIP
INTO NEXT WEEK

THE COMMONWEAL WILL PUBLISH FOR JANUARY 30th

THE TALKING MOVIE

The screen that talks has aroused much discussion. It has prompted the Reverend Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., to write this paper of the first order. Father Donnelly has been acclaimed by Professor Baldwin of Columbia University, as one of the really lucid contemporary minds.

MEN AND MACHINES

The General Organizer for the American Federation of Labor, Mr. William Collins, has something important to say regarding the matter of technical unemployment. How many men are being forced out of work by automatic devices? What does it mean?

THE TAR BRUSH

This article, rounding out recent discussion of the Negro in The Commonweal, is the reflections of Dr. Henry S. Whitehead on a difficult subject about which he is eminently competent to write.

PAROCHIAL AND OTHER SCHOOLS IN CHICAGO

Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick, of Marquette University, has reviewed an important educational book and draws interesting conclusions.

THE MASS IN THE FOREST

By LADISLAS REYMONT

The continuation of the great short story by the winner of the Nobel prize and the author of The Peasants.

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Wits' End, by Viola Paradise. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

FOR those who wish to escape the rigors of winter via a light and graceful novel, Wits' End provides a sunny route. It is thoroughly in the spirit of summer and vacation, even though the hero divides his time between love-making and working on a play. The characterization is on the whole very fair and interesting, though there is too much inclination to familiar types, and the hero and heroine might be a little more credible if a little less perfect. And there is a very free use of "stream of consciousness" psychological study, which wisely refrains from photographic realism by including little that is not relevant. This study of motives and fluctuations of the mind on the whole rings true, though it does not go very deep. All the requisites of success are here: a pleasant style, a somewhat "modern" technique, a love story with difficulties, an element of mystery and the rise to glamorous success of a rather commonplace young man. In fact, the story seems a bit too much made to order, to have set too deliberately out for success. But why quarrel with the pansy for not being a tiger lily? This is a pleasant, readable novel, with well-done, interesting psychological study, and a plot that holds the reader's attention.

Science in Search of God, by Kirtley F. Mather. New York: Henry Holt. $2.00.

THE ideal book on the relations between science and religion is yet to be written. But though not the ultimate ideal, Professor Mather's book will be helpful to many who are troubled on this score. He states quite clearly that from a scientific standpoint, "matter is neither eternal nor ultimate." Consequently there must be something else back of the universe. As between atheism, agnosticism, deism and theism, Professor Mather thinks that science leads him on to choose theism. Partly for scientific reasons, he holds that "God is a power, immanent in the universe," and a spiritual and personal power. Professor Mather's treatment of prayer and miracles is found rather unsatisfactory. But his point that science is essentially metrical, and that, consequently, it can never be a complete substitute for religion which deals with non-metrical values, will get over to many. Incidentally, Professor Mather tells us that "the modern attack upon scientists comes not from the Catholic, but from the Protestant."

The Correspondence of Spinoza, translated and edited by A. Wolf. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

SPINOZA, less clearly understood and more diversely estimated than any other great philosopher, was so distinctly a lovable character that his ethical influence is salutary even upon those who could not accept any part of his metaphysics. It is curious that the volume of his correspondence, which fascinated Goethe and others, should have been unobtainable in English. Dr. A. Wolf has now supplied a very readable version, introduced unfortunately by some pages of comment which are quite eccentric and without the calm of genuine philosophy. One very interesting part of the book is the exchange of letters between Spinoza and his friend Albert Burgh, an impetuous convert to the Catholic faith. From a careful consideration of these pages the modern apologist can learn a valuable lesson. It should be added that the volume, so necessary to a proper understanding of Spinoza, has been published in an excellent format with fine illustrations.

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The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, by Robert Paltock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.00.

A BOOK about which Coleridge could say: "Peter Wilkins is, to my mind, a work of uncommon beauty. I believe that Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins could only have been written by islanders. No continentalist could have conceived either tale. I once projected such a thing, but the difficulty of the preoccupied ground stopped me. I would try the marvelous line of Peter Wilkins if I attempted it rather than the real fiction of Robinson Crusoe." A splendidly printed edition of this work will bring its charm more comfortably to the fireside. Peter's adventures from his schooldays; his hard existence as a sailor; his experiences in a mythical sort of Africa; his escapes from alligators, eels and beast-fish; the strange winged creature, Jouwarkee, whom he marries, and by whom he has six children, some of whom inherit their mother's powers of flight. This is a wild narrative in the best sailor fo'castle manner; monsters and fabled kingdoms and human sentiments that appeal to a crude form of intellect; there is no moral or economic appendix such as happens in Gulliver; no splendors or humors such as light up the pages of Vathek. It is a book of a crude age, a crude audience and a crude sensibility, points which give it a folk-lore force suggesting the primitive Cymric legends.

Tide of Empire, by Peter B. Kyne. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.00.

THOSE who like the works of Peter B. Kyne will find this one of his most entertaining, if lengthiest, books. Another cavalier, sans peur et sans reproche, is brought to life in Dermod D'Arcy who goes to the gold fields of California, there to win fortune and bride. Mr. Kyne, who makes no pretense to be anything but an author given to swift-moving romance and adventure, provides his usual possible though implausible series of thrilling situations. But what constitutes the book's most particular excellence are the descriptions of the background against which the Kyne puppets move. Happy Camp is just another Roaring Camp, but the author is more than an imitator. In fact he has hit upon an idea which can well be developed further for the enrichment of American literature. In Tide of Empire the difficulties of rapprochement between the landed aristocrats of Spanish antecedents and customs and the acquisitive mixed hordes that comprised the gold rush complicate the narrative's happy ending. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Kyne or some other writer will give us a complete picture of the absorption of the Spaniard into present-day American life, and the period which saw California emerge from the land of lawlessness and gold into its modern statehood and agricultural wealth.

This Man Adams—The Man Who Never Died, by Samuel McCoy. New York: Brentano's. $3.50.

IN THE diaries and letters of John Adams, Samuel McCoy has found enunciated the credos which guide the best part of American life today. That is why, for him, John Adams has never died. He develops this impression into a book which is sometimes a thesis, sometimes a biography and occasionally a fantastic novel. His enthusiasm for the man is so frankly admitted that we are disarmed from the start, and, when the telling documents are presented, find ourselves quite willing to recognize that our debt to John Adams is larger than has been generally supposed.

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The Essays of Michael Lord of Montaigne, translated by John Florio. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.00.

IT IS unnecessary, in this day and age, to say a word either for Montaigne or for his incomparable translator, John Florio. Here is the cream of worldly-wise French reflection during the late renaissance era, and also the best of Elizabethan English—savory, full-bodied, charming. Many editions of these literary immortalities have been provided, but none of those at a reasonable price can compare with the present three-volume offering by the Dutton's. A fine brown binding and just the right type consort to give the judicious reader an agreeable environment in which to meet his chatty author. Then there are numerous portraits and more than two dozen pen and ink drawings by G. E. Chambers. It is pleasant to know that many people may now have books as fine as these.

What to Read in English Literature, by Jack R. Crawford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

COLLEGE students of English literature have needed a comprehensive manual outfitted with the right sort of reading lists. Professor Crawford gives them what is virtually a one-volume adaptation of the Cambridge History. Some readers would, no doubt, quarrel with the author regarding omissions or commissions, but all will agree that the book is usable, abreast with current research and not forbidding in manner or appearance. The technical details are, indeed, worthy of the Knickerbocker Press. By a curious error, Francis Thompson's most familiar poem is entitled The Hand of Heaven. More reprehensible, however, are some of the author's sentences, which disport themselves in a most cumbersome way. Barring these deflections from deft English, we commend the new book to all students.

The Impatience of a Layman, by Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

KENNEDY'S impatience starts with the refusal of so many modernist ministers to accept the miraculous element in the Gospels. But before he is through he seems about as unorthodox as any of them. In fact, the final note seems pantheistic—"I believe in God, I believe in that which is and that that which is is all there is, necessarily infinite, necessarily good."

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